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The Saturday Review of Literature

EDITED BY HENRY SEIDEL CANBY

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Shifting the Apology

IN a not so remote past the detective or mystery story was an humble member of the family of books, a sort of stepchild of literature, that wore its thrills with an apologetic air and was hardly to be mentioned in the society of intellectuals. All that is gone, and the detective story has been "taken up" in the politest circles. Curious to what diversity of persons it makes appeal—to the scholar, to the practical man of affairs, to the woman to whom bloodshed is anathema and crime outside the expectations of her experience, to the gentlest and the most genial as well as to the adventurous and crabbed. And yet its translation from its modest position to its present high estate of favor has not come about through any ripening of its art. Quite to the contrary; its highest models are still the tales of Poe and Conan Doyle in English and Gaboriau in French. To what then is ascribable its popularity?

Quite clearly it is a literature of escape, and one that common experience has not yet rendered savorless, a literature bearing enough relation to the happenings of life to bring it into consonance with living, and yet sufficiently removed from the routine of existence to give it the glamour of the unknown. In a sense, it is almost the only type of fiction left to us in which the reader can project himself from the world of actuality into a realm of the imaginary where abnormal incident is plausible, and which yet lies sufficiently outside of usual experience to leave that incident piquant. War, and science, and travel have given it an advantage over the old-fashioned tale of excitement.

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For the recent spectacle of war by paling the blood and thunder of novels into insipidity by comparison with its own vast gruesomeness has, temporarily at least, rendered flat, when not painful, the story of action and daring. Brought into juxtaposition with the war—and who today has yet sufficiently emerged from its thraldom to cease to use it as a standard of measures?—any sword and cloak romance dwindles into dulness. And romance of this sort had been one of the popular forms which the literature of escape had taken.

But before the war, science had already struck a blow that favored the rise of the detective story. Science had in large measure nullified the fascination of pseudo-science. With submarines following upon the heels of the telephone, and aeroplanes being jostled out of novelty by wireless, where was the wonder of a Verne's fancied journeyings under the ocean or a Wells's battle of the air? Here was a field of fancy in which the routine constricted reader had delighted to revel, and suddenly from an exhilarating playground of the imagination it had become a commonplace reality. When the actual world had suddenly taken wings to itself, and silence had unexpectedly become vocal, there was more to capture interest in a tale of mystery and its unraveling than in ingenuities of the novelists outmoded by fact from romancers to realists.

And exploration and travel, too, have played their part in raising the detective story to popularity. For exploration by penetrating to all parts of the world, and travel by making all but the most inaccessible regions matters of common acquaintance, by greatly lessening its ability to convince, have drawn something of the zest from the story of imaginary and adventurous travel.

It would be ridiculous, of course, to ascribe the respectability which has settled upon the detective story to these causes alone or even predominantly. We do not advance them as primary reasons for its popularity but rather as explanations of the rapid expansion of interest in this type of literature within the last ten or fifteen years. Man cannot live by fact alone; he must have relief from the actual. And if war, and science, and travel have turned what he was wont to deem romance into everyday happening, he will take his relief where he can get it—in the story of mystery and its resolution. And he does it today in the full odor of sanctity. If you don't believe it, ask the next friend you meet whether he reads detective stories. Either he will unblushingly admit that he does or else he will apologize for not doing so.

To Those That Come After

By LORD DUNSANY

WE were not wholly here, because to you
Often from our old homes our dreams drew near:
They did not know our hearts as you shall do.
We were not wholly here.

By lonely voices calling through Time's mists,
By loves and hatreds following like bees,
By jealousies and angry journalists:
Follow our way by these.

We shall be with you in your distant time,
Shall lean towards you across many a year,
Shall bring you courage with a way-worn rhyme:
We were not wholly here.

This Week

"History of Medieval Philosophy." Reviewed by *Fulton J. Sheen.*

"This Believing World." Reviewed by *Lewis Browne.*

"L a b e l s." Reviewed by *Allan Nevins.*

"Almost Pagan." Reviewed by *Robert B. MacDougall.*

The Valley of the Kings." Reviewed by *Anne C. E. Allinson.*

Pursuing the Whale." Reviewed by *Frank V. Morley.*

Next Week, or Later

Thoughts on the Literary Movement. By *Chauncey B. Tinker.*

The Passing of the Great Race. By *Elmer Davis.*

"American Finances of the War Period." Reviewed by *Thomas W. Lamont.*

"United States Oil Policy." Reviewed by *H. L. Doherty.*

"The Martyrdom of Man." Reviewed by *Hendrik Van Loon.*

A Social Philosopher*

By HENRY NOBLE MACCRACKEN
Vassar College

MR. BERTRAND RUSSELL, who must be one of the best talkers living, was speaking of L. P. Jacks of the *Hibbert Journal*, for which Russell had written some essays: "Jacks is an unhappy optimist; I, on the other hand, am a happy pessimist." It is this quality of good cheer in all his controversial writings, this mixture of radicalism and good taste, his imperturbable good temper amid situations and issues that would embitter anyone else, that give Russell his hold upon the young people, with whom he is a favorite of the age. Curiously limited in experience to a small circle of radicals and aristocrats, yet theorizing from them to the whole world, Russell is the trueborn Englishman, at home in every clime. Writing with the clarity of a good talker, and often, alas, repeating himself as talkers do, he makes the viewpoint of the agnostic endurable. At its worst, knowing no more and believing no more than scientific method will grant, there seems to him plenty to be accomplished by brave spirits. And when the worst comes, and the winter of our discontent is upon us, there is always philosophy and the divine mathematics for the mind to play with.

A more cautious Archimedes, Mr. Bertrand Russell has more than once abandoned the pleasure of mathematical speculations at his hearthstone, to rush to the defense of beleagured justice. The lectures, essays, letters, and other miscellany recording those adventures betray the occasional nature of such sallyings forth, their romanticism, their gallant tiltings at the solid windmills of commerce, and also the profound melancholy and distrust with which the knight-errant of modern philosophy has buckled on his well-battered armor.

Mrs. Stan Harding, in whose behalf Mr. Russell honorably laid lance in rest, once remarked that "there is no thirst like the thirst for justice." This is true, especially when it is justice to one's self for which one thirsts. But the Grail does not reveal itself to such impetuous seekers. Mr. Russell's crusades began with a personal experience, no doubt (as he himself has told us in his lecture on free thinking in 1925), and continued with occasional impulses to action such as his dismissal from his Cambridge lectureship in 1916. But his fights are not tinged with any selfishness or personal rancor. His humor comes to his aid and gives him time to reflect that in every contest of wit he has come out victor, leaving his more powerful adversaries helpless before his shafts of ridicule.

It was, one may guess, the Great War that first drew Bertrand Russell out from his preoccupation with mathematical abstractions. Confronted successively with dangerous reversions to more primitive social codes, such as abridgment of free speech, intrigues of the underworld of state, problems of dealing with new Russia, China, Persia, Morocco, and other outbreaks of the later nationalism, the philosopher has been compelled again and again to review his own philosophical creed in the light of a changing world. And like so many other idealists who have thought humanity might learn from the war to do anything rather than incur it again, and who failed to take into account the stolid resistance of common inertia in the mass, he has been driven to education as the means of the world's salvation.

To these general desires is now added a personal

*Education and the Good Life. By Bertrand Russell. New York: Boni & Liveright. 1926. On Education, Especially in Early Childhood. London: 1926.

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one. Confronted with children of his own, Mr. Russell has become alarmed about modern education. It is as parent rather than as educator that his new book declares his desires, for, as he says, "the opinions of parents are immensely important." No teacher doubts this for a moment.

It must be confessed, however, that Mr. Russell's adventures in parenthood, to which reference is made at length in this volume, do not add very much that is new to modern educational theory. It is delightful to read perhaps, that his little son was wild with joy on his father's return from barbarous America; but we fail to perceive, crude provincials that we are, what great educational principle is illustrated by the fact that of that experience Mr. Russell "had no wish to tell, and he (the son) had none to hear." The situation is, of course, unique among English tourists in these parts, but the educational values deducible therefrom are not vouchsafed us.

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We are edified by the proud parent's Spartan procedure in overcoming his little boy's fear of the sea. "Every day for about a fortnight, we plunged him up to his neck in the sea, in spite of his struggles and cries. Every day they grew less; before they ceased, he began to ask to be put in." From which we learn that familiarity kills fear. This is enlightening, as to the Russell régime, but it does not add greatly to our technical equipment for the modern school.

"If (your child) does something slightly unkind to a younger child, do the same to him at once. . . .In this way the fact that others have feelings like his own is brought vividly to his attention." This counsel, repeated somewhat carelessly at various places in the book, savors of the Old Testament Puritan and comes strangely from the apostle of tolerance. It is the iron rule of "with what measure ye mete." The fact is that there is a little of abstraction and aloofness in this philosopher gifted with children, which reminds me strongly of Puritan school masters. There is a distaste for rough and ready—sport and competitive games, a tendency to make the child's world a man's world in miniature; above all, a total absence of reference to the sense of beauty and the part it can play in the child's world. This omission is deliberate, possibly reserved for a later volume, but it is hard to excuse. Mr. Russell would apparently confront the child with all the physiological aspects of sex; but the aesthetic may not supplement the physical in any way. As for the morality inculcated, "I shall not teach (children of the grades) that faithfulness to one partner through life is any way desirable, or that a permanent marriage should be regarded as excluding temporary episodes. . . . Relations involving children should be permanent if possible, but should not necessarily on that account be exclusive." A child should simply not know that people have feelings about modesty. (Of course, later on he will have to know)." We fear so. But as Mr. Russell observes, rather sapiently, "as soon as the subject has been explored to this extent, it becomes uninteresting, like a cupboard that is often open." To some teachers the comparison of a long, dark corridor, thus lighted dimly at one end, may occur as more appropriate.

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Such are the original comments of this philosophic parent, a good, hearty, English "original," of the kind Henry Adams found to be common in London. Nothing better illustrates the stability of English society, than its power to digest its eccentrics. But as a textbook for the American Teachers Institute, our book needs footnotes.

Similar doubts will arise as to the accuracy of Mr. Russell's other sociological observations—shyness, we are told for example, is common in England and China, and parts of America, but rare elsewhere. One is more disposed to believe that shyness, by which is here meant not bashfulness, which is universal, but the acute misery of a proud soul suffering from a sense of inferiority, will occur where superiority of origin is preached and believed. The failure to measure up to what one is taught to believe of one's self will cause shyness. The phenomenon is not rare anywhere, within the present writer's experience.

The American edition bears the more accurate title. Nine-tenths of the volume concerns the Good Life, and is, indeed, little more than an expansion of the author's earlier "Essence of Religion" and "What I Believe." It is education as religion that's expounded. This religion, originally compounded of love, knowledge, and service, is now restricted to the two formal ideals. The reader will not be deceived by the arbitrary division of the volume into education of character and intellectual education. The subject is the same throughout, how to produce a generation among which the present state of things will be impossible. Mr. Russell has no panacea, he knows only that things are wrong, and that the trouble is that we have the wrong kind of people. Leaning to behaviorism, his recipe would be so to recondition the world as to rid the child of the sources of fear, hate, ignorance, and inertia.

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The philosopher, talking now abstractly from the depths of his armchair beside his hearth, is of the opinion that religion, and especially Christianity, has, in the balance, done more harm than good. Asked for a substitute by young people, he reconstructs for them a religion of humanity, the principles of which sound like strange echoes from the recorded sayings of Jesus. "Love is a gift from Heaven, the best that Heaven has to bestow" (Heaven here must be the Confucian one, apparently). "Fearlessness is the essence of wisdom." And of course, perfect love casts fear out. Knowledge, guided by love, or rather love moving along the path illumined by knowledge, will save the world yet. Love is of nature double, contemplative and active; the beauty of holiness, and the good will (always called here benevolence) towards men. Knowledge is science, controlled by scientific method, destructive if misused, but a friend if approached in love. Scriptural precedents spring to the lips, needless to quote.

But the notion that without any stronger impulse than desire mankind will adopt this reasonable way, sounds rather Chinese than Judean. China is indeed, for Mr. Russell, returned a confirmed and romantic admirer, the last refuge of freedom upon earth. In his Utopian Middle Kingdom pure reason rules, scientific spirit is revered.

Four cardinal virtues are to be inculcated in children; courage, vitality, sensitiveness (the responses of pleasure and sympathy) and intelligence (not the innate quality, but the well-stored, well-trained mind). If these ideal habits are well formed, the parents' and teachers' tasks are done. Push these four buttons, and the child will do the rest.

In the first two qualities, Mr. Russell gives little encouragement to the psychiatrist and the physical educationist. His methods are still those of hit-or-miss, kill-or-cure commonsense. Some teachers will side with him, at the risk of seeming old-fashioned, rather than with the extreme claims of modern psychiatrists. It has been publicly asserted this summer, by a well known psychiatrist, that the four full-time experts to be let loose upon the defenceless freshman class at Yale this next fall will, by the coming spring, have effectively disposed of every personal problem presenting difficulty to any undergraduate. As to such a triumph of mental hygiene the imagination stays humbly but defiantly in doubt.

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It will be observed that Mr. Russell's four cardinal virtues—named with a scholastic certitude—represents merely the healthy, normal, human product of a sane and happy life. They are the irreducible minimum which this most individualistic of Britons would concede as commonly essential to the genus homo; and they are also the powerful will-training habits, which, if left to grow in free and stimulating soil, will demand freedom, justice, and yes, reform—for this philosopher of cold logic and cheerless mathematics, this agnostic and literal advocate of pure scientific method, believes nevertheless with all his heart in a new world to come, or rather, his hopes in education conquer his fears for prostituted science, eloquently described in "Icarus." And as he says, "Our life is governed not only by facts, but by hopes."

One misses, in this sketch of English individualism, just that overemphasis upon group activity which seems at times to some American observers to be actually unfitting our students for solid and constructive individual thinking. The group, indeed, is scarcely mentioned throughout the book. Even in the chapter devoted to the nursery school and derived from Miss McMillan, there is no description of the group as the educative factor; one returns, instead, to a dithyrambic praise of science and of love issuing out of the security of the comfortable armchair by the fire.

The fact is, that any sort of external control, such as the group imposes, is theoretically abhorrent to the English philosopher's mind. Of the group will as superior in authority to the individual will, he will have nothing. The child must be for the teacher an end in himself. The teacher is to be the intellectual valet; he may pack his master's bag, but not inquire the destination. Mr. Russell has a mortal antipathy to any end beyond this mere grooming of the individual character. The pupils must be to the teacher, "ends in themselves."

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Yet the inconsistency of severe and forcible disciplining against fear is apparent, in any such theory. The training, for instance, not to jump from high places involves fear of consequence, and it is idle to distinguish between rational and irrational fears. The teacher will inevitably choose just which things to avoid, which not. The timid, hesitant teacher will advise against a trip to the Rockies; the adventure-loving teacher will approve it. Inevitably some standards of experience and authority, even of tradition, will be set up. And to discard the whole race experience in behalf of each new pupil is too expensive a method even for the modern school. The fallacy of the pupil as end in himself, if advocated as the basis of all teaching, is apparent. There must be reference and comparison in past, present, and future with ends external to the individual. There is scholarship, and scientific method. Nationalism, too, may be an ignoble and unworthy aim, but at least it has given an opportunity to reverence the efforts of men in coöperation to get as far as they have along the way, and opens paths for the future, of greater promise in wider coöperation. Even with our philosophers, children are the means toward a better world.

Mr. Russell reserves for the American public school an unsparing criticism for its use of falsehood and hypocrisy. His observations in this matter are interesting—showing how impossible it is for even the most intelligent of persons to understand the people of another nation, no matter how close they may be in blood, or how well supported by reading and study the observations are.

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The American school, we learn, successfully transforms a heterogeneous selection of mankind into a homogeneous nation. We are surprised, but pleased. We had been "told different." But we then learn that the attitude of the unscholared parent immigrant toward America is attributable only to the general merits of the country, to its democracy and its advanced industrial technique; while the attitude of the child comes from the false theory taught at school. The exact opposite, of course, is true. The child learns the technique of democracy, and of industrial organization, in school practise and in school life; it then returns to the immigrant family, living in the European manner still, on European food and ways, and instructs the parents. The invariable rule in American social work has been to reach the parent through school and child.

Again, Mr. Russell says that children of immigrants lose all loyalty to the land of their extraction, while parents remain passionately partisans of their homeland. This is only a half truth. Hundreds of Poles in Haller's army were children of American birth. Thousands of other nationals wish never to hear again of the land of their birth. Circumstances determine everything. It would be truer to say that with each generation the interest in the land of origin becomes more generalized. The Quebec French were not much concerned about France of late, we recall, but they are not the less French for that.

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But when Mr. Russell charges the American public school with deliberately teaching untruths as to the superiorities in art of Eastern Europe and the superiorities in intelligence of western Europe, he is committing the very offense he censures. Two instances in recent years—the visits of the singing chorus of children from Prague and the Cizek art school from Vienna, may be cited in refutation. American public schools spent large sums of money to obtain thus the opportunity to pay their homage to the art of Eastern Europe. From one end of the land to the other, there was not one word of claim that our schools did better work in these creative forms. On the contrary there was a universal

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tribute rare in the history of education. As for the intellectual rivalry, that, perhaps, is not so easy to admit as Mr. Russell assumes. If for instance he means to compare the English or French way of farming with the American way, or even the factory methods of Europe and America, the American may with some justice think the intellectual level of American workers is not very far below the European, by Mr. Russell's own criteria of the use of fearless, vigorous, responsive, and trained knowledge. But Mr. Russell means, of course, the limited circle of intellectuals to which he himself belongs. As to that the American public school teacher probably has no knowledge and no opinion. I never heard of any school instruction on the point. Our humility before mediocre European lecturers is so well known that it promotes the gaiety of nations, at least.

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It is, however, not the American way that Mr. Russell really resents; it is any way by which the aim of a group, family, or nation controls and restricts the aims of the individual that is at fault. All of which goes to show, that Mr. Russell, internationalist and pacifist that he is, is still more of an Englishman than a sociologist. There are signs in the work, too, that the writer is even more individualistic than he lets on to be. He would be so free that the whole world would be like an English resort-hotel, the kind, say, that H. G. Wells has just sketched in a late novel where the staple of social interchange is "hrrmp!" The American school and college is probably oversocialized; but it certainly affords a palæstra for the habit of getting along with one another, which a continental democracy will do well to cultivate if it wishes to survive.

There is, in short, no living with him, nor without him. As an educator, Bertrand Russell will never set the Thames afire—as an Englishman, his tastes scarcely resist the effect of the sea passage. But as lover of freedom and justice, as a master of the King's English, as a man with a passion for the truth as he sees it, and as a likable individual, there lives not his match.

Annals of Thought

HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL PHILOSOPHY. By MAURICE DE WULF. Translated by ERNEST C. MESSENGER. Vol. 1: From the Beginnings to Albert the Great. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by FULTON J. SHEEN

DURING the past two decades the History of Medieval Philosophy has been practically synonymous with the name of De Wulf. The same will be true of the next decade, for a revised edition of his history now appears which justifies the great esteem in which his work is held. The original French edition of this work appeared in 1905 and the English translation of it in 1909, by Dr. Coffey of Maynooth. The present English version, so ably translated by Dr. Messenger, is based upon the fifth French edition which appeared in 1924 and 1925.

The most important differences between the two English translations are the omission of the historical introduction to Greek Philosophy and the addition of the study of the relations of interdependence of philosophy and other factors of civilization in the Middle Ages. This latter addition, so badly needed, has taken the history of philosophy out of the air and placed it in a living environment. After all no philosophy is lived apart from its environment. Thought influences civilization and civilization influences thought. If men do not live as they think they soon begin to think as they live; if they do not suit their lives to dogmas they soon begin to suit dogmas to their lives. It is quite evident that in making this addition Dr. De Wulf has drawn freely from the Vanuxem Foundation Lectures which he delivered at Princeton in 1920 and subsequently published under the title: "Philosophy and Civilization in the Middle Ages"—not the most scientific but certainly the most beautifully synthetic work ever done by this authority.

Minor differences between the two editions are the following: a more lucid explanation of the definition of Scholasticism; more complete information on the library of the Middle Ages, thanks to the findings of Haskins, Baeumker, and Geyer; a new exposition of the first medieval writers, an approach to Anselm through Augustine and new lights on the influence of Augustine, on Scholastic philosophy, and finally an enlarged treatment of the tenets of Scholastic Philosophy and a redivision of pre-Thomistic systems.

Dr. De Wulf labors—and not without effect—to show that Scholasticism should not be measured by anything extrinsic such as its relation to schools, which was the error of writers of the Renaissance and Reformation periods; nor by its method of exposition, which was the mistake of Fouillée Willmann, and Diderot; nor by its temporal environment, which was done by Cousin, Uenberweg-Baumgartner, Erdmann, Picavet, and others; nor by religion as attempted by Mansez. Dr. De Wulf compares the historian who identifies Scholasticism with Catholicism to a "man who thinks he can get to know all about the oak tree by describing the composition of the soil in which it grows along with other trees of the forest." Lastly, Scholastic philosophy is not to be identified with medieval philosophy. A Medieval philosopher is not necessarily a Scholastic. John Scotus Eriugena, for example, is called the "first of the Scholastics" in a recent study published by Henry Bett through the Cambridge Press. Dr. De Wulf, on the contrary, terms him an anti-scholastic.

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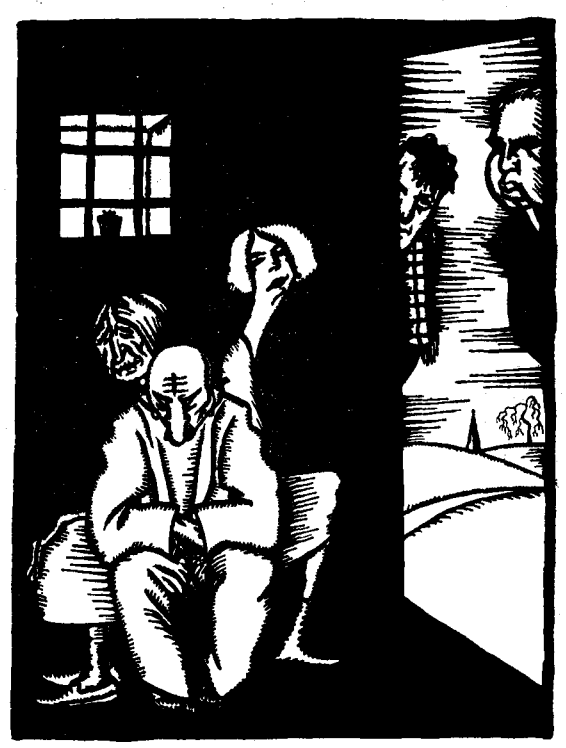
Scholasticism, according to the author, must be judged not extrinsically but intrinsically and doctrinally.

In our opinion, in order to judge of the value of medieval philosophy and civilization these must be com-



Theodore Dreiser and Sherwood Anderson
Watching People Suffer
Drawn by Alexander King
(Courtesy of Boni & Liveright)

pared to one fixed standard: human nature which remains identical in all its profound needs in spite of the diversity of historic conditions. . . . In its mature state, Scholasticism was a synthesis wherein were treated all the questions with which philosophy is concerned, and in which the solutions were harmonized, held together, and controlled by one another.

A careful reading of this volume will reveal the wealth of Medieval speculation and justify the term "Dark Ages" as applied to the Middle Ages in the sense that most people are really in the dark about them. The English speaking world anxiously awaits the second volume which will treat that prince of Scholastics and in the words of Professor Gilson of Paris, "the prince of modern philosophers —Thomas Aquinas."

The lovers of "Alice-in-Wonderland," "Through the Looking Glass," and "The Hunting of the Snark" all through the world will rejoice to learn that a large quantity of unpublished work by Lewis Carroll has been unearthed and is being got ready for the press. Most of it has been discovered among his unpublished correspondence. The editor of the new volume is Mr. Langford Reed, who was responsible for the delightful "Limerick Book" a year or so ago.

John Drinkwater, who is one of the best-travelled of our modern authors, is at work on a biography of the "Merry Monarch," Charles II.

An Outline of Religion

THIS BELIEVING WORLD. By LEWIS BROWNE. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1926. $3.50.

Reviewed by PHILLIPS E. OSGOOD, D.D.
Department of Religious Education of the Episcopal Church

NOW it is an Outline of Comparative Religions. A "popular" one, well done, without fear or favor, in a field where impartiality is most difficult to maintain. With no apologies due to Mr. Wells or to (unmentioned) Mr. Van Loon, who have obviously provided Mr. Browne with a springboard for method and ideal, he has indeed given us a fine massing and mastery of the myriad facts of the historic faiths. The book is comprehensive, attractive, and authentic. It has verve, too; its crescendo is powerful; its charm of presentation is absolute. (But think of the verve and charm of the faiths' evolution with which it deals.) (See how soon one falls into the habit of the author's parenthetic asides.)

Here and there are details, of course, with which some would disagree. Not only those with dogmatic prejudices but also some of the experts. It would be amusing if a few of the authors listed in the bibliography were given Wellsian opportunity to carry on a battle of footnotes with the author. The fur would sometimes fly. Yet who wants a book with which he will comfortably agree throughout? The trouble with too many of the dogmatic has been that they would not venture out from under the insulating glass case of their own preconceptions. We need more sportsmanlike risks in religion; this book provides not a few.

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Mr. Browne has skill in interpretation. The trees and their twigs never obscure our view of the forest of facts. He makes his facts glow with real interest. The discernment of psychologic, naïve states of mind the world long and over is perhaps the book's most notable charm. We feel how it would feel to be inside the skin of very different folk.

And he has a droll sense of humor. We chuckle at the quiet wit of his description of Chinese sacrifices to ancestral shades, of the Tavroboleum, of Mohammed's later adventures. One of the major regrets over this book is the scant space the author allots to primitive religion, which has of late had such illuminating research, and in which are found the roots of more tendencies which flower in the developed faiths that are here indicated. But mostly this regret is because we have lost the author's power to discern and impart a naïve state of mind where it would have had best stimulus.

The humor, however, never gets out of hand; faith of every sort gets respect. Christianity, for which it is plain to see no special favors are intended, has seldom had from one outside its allegiance (at least this book is on the side-lines, impartially diagnostic) a more appealing appreciation for its Master than is given here in the remarkable pages which sum up the life of Jesus and the story of the Christian Church. One could wish that the paragraphs against undue ecclesiasticism and metaphysics (in any major faith) might be forced on the attention of sacerdotalists and theologians of all allegiances. If these historic experiences could be digested it might not be that "no more has been done here for Christianity than for the other great religions." Why should we not profit by the indications history gives as to the valid road for faith to travel?

Every few pages some phrase makes you chuckle with its aptness, or some paragraph makes the significance of its subject blaze. Simply and surely and unforgettably the contribution of Amos, Jeremiah, Krishna, the Mysteries is written down. The distinction between Buddha and Buddhism, Confucius and Confucianism, Jesus and Christianity is made searchingly plain.

The publishers of this work do not expect that it will be received with exultance by all the faithful? The recent controversies between literalism and liberalism clearly have shown the cleavage between the shut-minded and the alert-minded. Side by side in any denomination or school sit those whose faith is "the submission of the mind" and those whose faith is the maximum venture of spirit on the basis of a philosophy distilled from all the avail-

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able facts. If we could only get the people who have never faced the facts of comparative religions to study this volume the result would be interesting. We might get some temporary agnosticism out of it, but we would get a readier hearing for those whose faith has met and mastered those indubitable truths. No faith is worthy which has not been grounded on things as they are. Can we get the right people to read this book?

There is a conviction which can carry knowledge of comparative religions. The quaint survivals of paganism which have been braided into Christianity are not necessarily essential. They may even be valuable. (For even the most impeccable Christian has a doctrine of the Holy Spirit which is potentially the clue to a belief in religious evolution. For evolution is possibly not only a *vis a tergo* but also a magnetization from above and ahead.) Even if analogies and survivals can be demonstrated with Zoroaster's story, with the Dionysian Mysteries of death and resurrection, with the Mithraic sacraments, essential Christianity ought to be invulnerable. It is a pathetic faith that cannot meet tests.

Mr. Browne leaves us to work out our own mental solution. The book stops (anticlimatically) short, with no concluding passage to round it out, leaving us with no ready-made conclusions to swallow whole and thus to allay the demand to go on thinking. It is as if he said: "Now, friends, this has all been running start for you. At this line you must begin your own hard work of forming or re-forming individual convictions. Good luck to you!"

There should be no immunity from such verified facts as this story so ably arrays. Sooner or later, if we are not callously indifferent, each one of us must come to grips with them, that he may eventually stand on his own feet and affirm his own "Credo" with sincerity, sanity, and certitude.

Those Who Have Seen War

LABELS. By A. Hamilton Gibbs. Boston: Little, Brown & Company. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by Allan Nevins

MR. GIBBS'S second novel is a brisk, spirited story with a theme which, though interesting, seems a trifle out of date. It would be easy to believe that it was written before "Soundings," put aside, and then reworked following the success of that excellent book. Its subject is the contrast between the post-war attitude of a group of young English people who have fought through the conflict and learned what it actually meant, and a group of older people who have merely stood on the sidelines, and cheered on the fighters. The contrast is incisevly and effectively drawn. The reader at once comprehends the disillusionment, the sense of frustrate idealism, the hatred for patriotic cant, which possesses those who have seen the men of a dozen nations, as bravely on the one side as the other, die in agony; who have learned that every nation was partly right and partly wrong, and who have nothing but loathing for the leadership which plunged the world into the war, and kept it there. The reader also understands the blind adherence of the older generation to the formulas drilled into them during the struggle; their catchwords about the war to end war, the beastliness of the Hun, the necessity of going to Berlin, the cowardice of the conscientious objectors, and so on. The two groups are a universe apart in their outlook, and nothing can bring them together.

Mr. Gibbs has almost excessive technical skill; and the chief weakness of his novel is that it demonstrates its proposition rather too neatly and mechanically to be quite a satisfactory work of art. It is plain that the author is putting his characters through their paces to illustrate his idea, and they never escape for a moment from his control to act and speak for themselves. They are open to the objection of being labels rather than living human beings. We have in the foreground a fairly familiar type of upper-class English family. Sir Thomas Wickens, a broker in the city who has made his fortune and won a K.B.E., and his wife, a limited woman interested in county society, are the spokesmen for the older generation. Their three children, Dick, who has been a brave officer in the war, Madge, who has served as a V.A.D., and Tom, who has been a conscientious objector jailed in a prison camp, express the ideas of the radical and outspoken younger generation.

It is these three young people who furnish the stuff of the book. They are healthy-minded, healthy-bodied, clear-eyed, with brains and ideals. To them the stuffy atmosphere of the Wickens home is trying; the ideas which Sir Thomas has gathered upon the war and the peace from the London press and from his business associates are positively intolerable. The breaking point come when Sir Thomas, in rather melodramatic fashion, kicks Tom out of doors because of a base fear that it would ruin his business position if it became known that he had sheltered a conscientious objector. We admire the verve and humor, the biting irony, of the scenes presenting the family clashes, without being quite convinced of them. The two parties in the dispute are a little too artificially posed. Sir Thomas is too bull-headed, selfish, and arrogant, Lady Wickens is too passive and tearful, and the children are too hard and self-righteous in their scorn for the parents, to seem personages of life rather than of the stage.

The story remains interesting, but it misses its fullest opportunities, as it expands to comprehend the United States. Dick and Madge come to America to escape from home and to find active occupation, and they settle down to jobs and love affairs in New York. Mr. Gibbs deals quite too generously with the American scene. If Britons like Sir Thomas were dense, and reactionary in their estimate of the forces involved in the war, what was the average American rotarian in those four years of 1920 when we were coldly turning our backs on Europe? If Sir Thomas was not touched to finer issues by the tragic conflict, what of the young Americans who found in it only an excuse for jazz and license? It is impossible to believe that Dick and Madge, who had chafed at the stupid chauvinism and bigotry they met in England, would not have found American complacence and materialism infinitely more exasperating. But in Mr. Gibbs's pages they don't. He actually intimates that there is a spiritual quality in New York life lacking in England! The pair prosper, they make friends, they find the right girl, and right boy, and the close of the book sees them happily married. As a final dash of sugar, Tom becomes a successful English playwright.

It is neat, readable, to some extent thought-provoking, this novel, but it is not alive or impressive. We like its dexterity, its rapidity, and its spirit, but it is not a book which moves us by its truth to human nature or its vision of the forces with which it professes to deal.

Pagan or Puritan?

ALMOST PAGAN. By J. D. Beresford. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Company. 1926. $2.50.

Reviewed by Robert B. MacDougall
Brown University

THE novel that now appears in the United States under the title, "Almost Pagan," was recently published in England as "That Kind of Man." Certainly our title is the better; it gives more of the flavor of the book, prepares the reader's mind more deftly for the conflict that is the novel's central theme. That conflict is one within Henry Blackstone, rather than his encounter with forces or events outside himself. True enough, he does find, so early as on page three, that he is unexpectedly and quite improperly a grandfather; later he suddenly is confronted by a woman whom he supposedly had dismissed from his life as "dangerous," some ten years ago; and throughout the book he is surrounded by the soul-deafening tumult of living with a wife, three children, a mother, and a mother-in-law. But the genuine battle is in his own spirit: shall the pagan or the puritan be dominant?

It is by the success of Mr. Beresford's portrayal of this alliterative conflict that the narrative must stand or fall. We have a suspicion that the combat is, for the sake of emphasis and clarity, defined more closely than it ought to be. For instance, the whole situation could have been disclosed as the problem of a change in middle age, a change from content to dissatisfaction, from mental slothfulness to active awareness of life, from placid family life to rebellious and unconventional desire. If we juggle our terms a little, we can interpret three of these qualities as of the puritan, and the other three as of the pagan; but what is the profit? In giving the warring parties labels that are too categorical, Mr. Beresford has lessened the value of the antagonism. But in spite of the perceptible dulling, the narrative is well worth while.

Blackstone is a believable character, provoking our sympathy and occasionally meriting our irritation. He far overtops the other people of the book, although some of the miniatures are sharper-edged than is his full-length portrait. Phyllis Brownlow, the mother of his illegitimate grandson, is, during the greater part of the novel, the most convincing example of the modern young woman that we have recently met in action; only towards the last, when Mr. Beresford loses interest in her, does she falter and become hackneyed. And in Adelaide, Blackstone's maudlin, helpless wife, we see all too clearly a woman who might justify murder, so penetrating is the author's analysis of her offensive mediocrity. There are some stencils, to be sure, and some convenient puppets, but on the whole the pages are filled with characters that live. Blackstone himself has undeniable existence, and we follow his seriocomic tragedy with fraternal interest.

"Almost Pagan" sets the problem of the troubled forties and creditably reaches towards the unattainable solution. In general the narrative progresses with vitality, although in two places it lags, and at the end it is definite where all logic demands uncertainty. Only one error in judgment seems unforgivable, and that, luckily, is far from fatal; that error is the awkward shift in emphasis from the Phyllis Brownlow-Lionel Blackstone affair to the later Henry Blackstone-Nita Thurlow *motif*. But Mr. Beresford's novels have in the past possessed distinction, and this latest will be no discredit to his earlier work. "Almost Pagan" is, in spite of its weaknesses, an entertaining novel, and one worthy of intelligent attention.

A Tale of the Nearer East

THE VALLEY OF THE KINGS. By Marmaduke Pickthall. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1926. $2.50 net.

Reviewed by Anne C. E. Allison

THIS is an altogether delightful story of the Nearer East, rich in amusement, embroidered by a practiced hand on "local color" and national psychology.

The scene is a Syrian village, ancient, with dark green orange gardens and palm trees, and with sand-hills rolling away to north and south. The Protestant Mission House and the little Orthodox (Eastern) Church, with the local tavern and the hotel, occupy the foreground. The *dramatis personae* are an Arab boy, Iskender, with his mother who is the washerwoman for the mission, a young Englishman, travelling for his health, the head of the Mission, known as the Father of Ice, the genial Orthodox priest, with a lonely daughter, and assorted dragomen.

Iskender, who is somewhat in disgrace with his Protestant teachers, takes over the new Englishman as his special property and object of devotion. His chief rival is the gay dragoman, Elias, and between them they furnish a delicious comedy. The Englishman is their victim, who takes seriously Iskender's tale of golden treasure in the Valley of the Kings. The Anglo-Saxon guest of adventure undertaken on the basis of delivering an Arab, he fills the centre of the book. The story is told from the point of view of Iskender, to whom his beloved lord seems only sick with madness when the deception is discerned and English anger dominates the scene.

The book to the traveller brings dreams of little churches in Eastern villages, of hot suns and vineyards, of the smell of oranges on the branch, and the pale silver of olive groves. The student begins to meditate on the age-long enmity between the re-

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ligions of Byzantium and Rome, the wide-spread Protestant endeavor to remake the Eastern mind, the Anglo-Saxon attitude toward the dark-skinned "native" wherever he finds him. About all these things Mr. Pickthall knows much. Mr. E. M. Forster is quoted by the publishers as saying that although the "Valley of the Kings" is "written jokingly, it is profound and will serve as a pocket Bible as far South as India."

Be that as it may, Iskender, quite indifferent to each religion and abysmally ignorant of the English mind, is a living person to enchant any lover of novels.

A Lover of Reason

AUTHORS DEAD AND LIVING. By F. L. Lucas. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1926.

Reviewed by H. W. Boynton

As a Cambridge Fellow, Mr. F. L. Lucas has one of the best possible vantage-points for comfortably dealing with the world at large. A university is not exactly a stalking horse, but the established don does have a kind of ease of immunity which is denied to editors, or to the so-called free-lances who are continually under the necessity of pleasing editors. He can say his say with the pleasant be-damned air of a man with two invaluable backers—a caste and a competency.

Most of the papers in "Authors Dead and Living" were written as reviews, and they follow the excellent tradition of British reviewing. The editor sends the book, the reviewer looks at the cover and says to himself, "Now what is this fellow going to suggest to me? Am I going to get any sort of idea out of him?" He then reads the book, and, the chances are, finds in it some text on which he can hang his own discourse, to his relief and the reader's presumable profit. But for this custom, we should have lacked the best English literary essays of the past century. Modern usage has cut the scale of these performances, and relieved the critic of the obligation to be caustic somewhere in the course of the proceedings. Mr. Lucas's reviews are not long, but they are long enough.

One of the longer ones—an affair of a dozen pages—entitled "The Roman and His Trouble," is a learned little essay apropos of a German-made anthology of Latin epitaphs: that literature graven in stone which sprang from man's "clinging to the shadowy immortality of being remembered." Another, "Rhyme and Reason," is a short note on eighteenth century English poetry. The weakness of that poetry was that it rested on a formula: "Poetry," said the Augustans, "should imitate Nature; Nature is the way sensible people behave and believe the world to behave; and the most sensible people of all were the Ancients." Hence the monotonous poetry of Reason which so seldom achieved "that thrill down the spine, that quickening of the pulse, that wonder, that sense of intenser life, as at a vision of some Beauty never seen before starting from that changeless sea of things." Yet Mr. Lucas does not, therefore, dismiss the Neo-Classics as barren, and his conclusion pays homage where it is due:

> There is a time for all things, and a mood among others when from the flutter of Shelley's wings in the void one may turn with relief back to these generations of our fathers who passed urbane, human, self-possessed lives without thinking or needing to think that life consists in running to a fire. The peace of the Augustans is not desolation. Belief in reason is not a curse, nor all frenzies fine, nor all intuitions true.

In the shorter reviews there are some excellent estimates of modern writers, Herman Melville and Walt Whitman, John Masefield, and W. H. Davies, and others. The paper on Melville is particularly acute, though not free from that curious aggressiveness with which Melvillians seem fated to declare their faith. Why are they so fond in particular of basing their praise of Melville on dispraise of Hawthorne? So that we find the urbane essayist of this volume dismissing with a gesture Melville's "friendship with the somewhat spineless Hawthorne." Poor Hawthorne! to the lay eye, though we have absolutely no evidence from Hawthorne himself, Melville's extravagant and slightly exacting devotion would seem to have been a little oppressive. It was Melville who reaped whatever profit may have derived from the acquaintance, and their intimacy was of no long duration.

The longest chapter in the book is the last, a twenty-five-page essay on "The Progress of Poetry." Beginning in stately "academic" fashion with the sources of poetic impulse, it presently merges into a discussion of the poetry of our time. Mr. Lucas does not find much positive achievement in current poetry, and is not afraid to say so. His main complaint against it is its determined vulgarity and triviality:

> We have developed a veritable somnambulance corps of poets who reel and wonder through page on page of dream and trance, with a contempt for the human reason that in some instances they would do better to reserve for their own. . . . It is not merely that the reaction against tradition makes such modern fiction and poetry sometimes squalid, or that the reaction against reason makes it often muddle-headed and occasionally bedlamite; it is more serious that, helped by both these tendencies, it seems so frequently to have lost the sense that after all some things do matter more than others in human life, some things are finer than others in human nature.

Poetry, in fine, springs from man's sense of beauty and his destiny of pain, and is inseparable from them. So, says our don, "while men have eyes for transient beauty, while they suffer and pity suffering, while they love and lose and remember, we may believe that the last poet will not find his grave."

Light Novelists of France

ANGOLA: AN EASTERN TALE. By Jacques-Rochette de la Morlière. Translated by H. B. V. with an introduction by Augustus John. London: Chapman & Hall. 1926.

THE QUEEN OF GOLCONDA AND OTHER TALES. By Stanislas-Jean de Boufflers. Translated by Eric Sutton with an introduction by Hugh Walpole. The same.

Reviewed by Richard Aldington

Mr. Vyvyan Holland's series of eighteenth century French Romances is one of the most attractive literary productions of today. The volumes are pleasantly produced, rather in the Beaumont Press style; the translations are adequate and the choice of works excellent. The most haughty high-brow need not disdain to read these translations, which are accurate and complete except for an occasional tribute of omission to the hags of Anglo-American prudery. Moreover, the originals are not easily procured even in reprints. These novels have been ignored in England since the days when Horace Walpole and Gray delighted in their wit, grace, voluptuous charm, and cynical knowledge of fashionable human nature. There is no equivalent for them in English and they differ from English novels as much as Madame de Pompadour differed from Queen Victoria. Our civilization has taken a different line and never become refined to the point where such delicate objects of *vertu* are possible. Our society has never been so intelligently frivolous, so amiably lacking in domestic virtue, as the French society from which these novelists sprang. Moreover, the literary dictatorship of Voltaire was indeed a contrast to the dictatorship of Warburton and Johnson, neither of whom was conspicuous for grace and *bonnes fortunes*.

The two recent additions to the series are the Chevalier de La Morlière's "Angola," translated by H. B. V. and introduced by Mr. Augustus John, and three short stories by the Chevalier de Boufflers, translated by Mr. Eric Sutton and chaperoned by Mr. Hugh Walpole. Both these novelists are shrubs growing in the shadow of the great Voltaire. Boufflers was one of the most successful imitators of Voltaire's lighter poetry and even in "Aline" there is a long passage which is taken almost unchanged from "Candide." In Morlière's "Angola" Voltaire is twice complimented at length, and this personage prided himself on his championship of an author who did not need it.

This La Morlière was certainly a curious scoundrel even for the age of Casanova, when many gentlemen of unknown antecedents "corrected the mistakes of Fortune" at cards and "laid the Homage of their flames" at the feet of very numerous ladies. Some have thought that La Morlière was the original of Laclos's Valmont. He was indeed born at Grenoble and his adventures are even more discreditable than those of the seductive Comte, but the portrait of Valmont is a composite and has more traits of Richelieu and of Choiseul than of La Morlière. He had something in common with these more eminent rakes; like them he would have exclaimed that "pour vaincre l'ennui de la vie il faut de l'amour, encore de l'amour, toujours de l'amour." The great difference was that the Richelieus were rich and the Morlières were poor. Hence the subterfuges and miseries of all sorts. Nevertheless, rank of Maréchal de Camp and became governor Richelieu was thrice in the Bastille and La Morlière was only once in Saint-Lazare.

The references to La Morlière collected by Octave Uzanne from Bachaumont, Grimm, Colbé, and other contemporary sources are the reverse of complimentary. In his boyhood La Morlière was the terror of Grenoble, playing all kinds of pranks on citizens, whose wives and daughters he seduced at an extremely early age. Expelled from Grenoble on account of a more than usually impudent scandal, La Morlière entered the musketeers; but far from reforming he played the part of a swaggerer with so much noise that even the mustketeers were scandalised, and he was expelled from that corps under circumstances of obscure but certain dishonor. La Morlière then lived a precarious, bohemian existence in Paris, soon at the end of his resources, and reduced to dreary expedients. Meanwhile he had begun to write, an d"Angola," the best-known of his works, appeared in 1746. Another novel, "Les Lauriers Ecclésiastiques," caused him to be banished from Paris. He went to Rouen and there blackmailed a magistrate, whose daughter he had seduced in the character of a German baron, to the extent of 30,000 *livres*. La Morlière returned to Paris in triumph and reestablished his prestige in the Café Procope. He procured himself a singular reputation and levied fines on the whole theatrical profession by making himself the head of a formidable *clague*, which was powerful enough to decide the fate of new plays. Presumably even Voltaire submitted to this blackmail, for La Morlière's *claque* supported his plays enthusiastically. Other authors and even actresses who did not conciliate La Morlière were made to feel his power. Finally the police interfered and Morlière was foolish enough to put two or three of his own plays on the stage; his credit disappeared and he became as much the object of contempt as he had been of fear. In 1769 he extracted a hundred *louis* from Madame Dubarry by an adroit piece of flattery; but as he grew older he sank lower and lower, lived under assumed names in the poorest quarters of Paris, and died forgotten and unlamented in 1785.

* * *

Considering that La Morlière was a noisy, disreputable swaggerer, the delicacy and charm of "Angola" are almost miraculous. We must attribute this happy and unexpected result to what Gibbon calls "the national urbanity, from which the court has diffused its gentle influence to the shop, the cottage, and the schools." "Angola" is very far from being a novel of the court; its tone is that of Paris, its ladies are "caillettes," its men imitation "petits maîtres." But the novel was immediately successful, not only because of its graceful, erotic compositions (like a series of Baudouin engravings) but because it was an accurate and skilful *persiflage* of fashionable Parisian manners. Crébillon himself has hardly rendered the Parisian more precisely in their affectations, their clothes, their very jargon. In the original all this fashionable slang is printed in italics and "Angola" thereby becomes quite a handbook of fashionable patter in the eighteenth century.

"*Je suis ce soir d'une sottise rebutante.*" "Je me verrois obligé *de finir cette affaire avec décence.*" "On la mena . . . choisir les dentelles *et les petites oies les plus élégantes.*"

All this charming superannuated slang is practically untranslatable, though H. B. V. struggles heroically wit hit. The subject of "Angola?" *Mais, de l'amour, encore de l'amour, tojours de l'amour.*

Boufflers is altogether a more respectable person; his mother was the mistress of Stanislas, the exiled King of Poland; or at least so Voltaire says. The Chevalier de Boufflers was educated for the church and became an *abbé*, but an *abbé* of a kind peculiar to his age, more elegant than learned, and far more amorous than austere. At twenty-three when he was still at Saint-Sulpice, Boufflers published "Aline;" and the instantaneous success of this charming little tale caused the decision that "M. de Boufflers must either renounce his libertine Muse or the study of the canons of the Church." The *abbé* renounced the church, to the extent of becoming a Knight of Malta, though he still retained benefices to the extent of 40,000 *livres* a year. The way of salvation was indeed a primrose path in those happy days. Boufflers was now once more a Chevalier and proved to be an excellent soldier. He rose to the

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of Sénégal. He paid a long visit to Ferney in 1765 and charmed Voltaire with his gaiety and talents. As a poet, Boufflers was in a every respect a pupil of Voltaire; witness the famous quatrain known as the Histoire de Loth:

Il but,
Il devient tendre;
Et puis il fut
Son gendre.

His memory is kept alive as much by his light poems as by the numerous stories of his gallantries. Except for "Aline" his prose is of no particular importance, though it possess the graces of the *dix-huitieme.*

Boufflers became a member of the Académie Française in 1788. The next year he was elected to the Etats-Généraux and was noted for his moderation. He emigrated after 1790 with his wife, formerly his mistress, Mme. de Sabran, and was welcomed by Prince Henry of Prussia. Somewhere about 1800 Napoleon struck his name from the list of proscribed *émigrés,* saying: "Let him come back, he will write us some songs." But the once brilliant Boufflers was too old and discouraged to write more songs, and the society which inspired them was gone for ever. He lingered on until 1815 and died at the age of seventy-eight. It is painful to follow these elegant butterflies after the breaking of the revolutionary storm, which changed so much and did so little. Boufflers lives more naturally in one's memory as the gay young man who delighted Voltaire and fluttered the Swiss maidens and a certain Madame Cramer to whom Voltaire addressed these lines:

Mars l' enleve au séminaire;
Tendre Vénus, il te sert;
Il écrit avec Voltaire,
Il sait peindre avec Hubert;
Tous les arts sont sous sa loi:
De grâce, dis-moi, ma chère,
Ce qu'il sut faire pour toi.

Arctic Whaling

PURSUING THE WHALE. By JOHN A. COOK. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1926. $4.
THE WHALERS OF AKUTAN. By KNUT B. BIRKELAND. New Haven: Yale University Press. 1926. $3.

Reviewed by F. V. MORLEY

APART from the interest in Captain Cook's adventurous career, "Pursuing the Whale" has an historical value.

The quarter of a century described in this book is the lean period between two fat ones. The mention of whaling usually calls up a picture of New Bedford or Nantucket whaling as it was before the Civil War, when the American industry was at its height. We are apt to think of such a date as 1857, when New Bedford put out 329 sail, valued at twelve million dollars, giving employment to twelve thousand men. After that time, the industry fell away rapidly.

There were various reasons, most of them of temporary importance. First, the whales were scarce. As the Greenland whale in its day had been thinned by the Dutch and British, so the sperm was thinned by the New Englanders. Second, the Civil War was fifty per cent in ships and sixty per cent in tonnage. Third, the development of mineral in tonnage. Third, the development of mineral oils for lighting. The damage to British whaling from this cause about 1820 was repeated in America some thirty years later. Fourth, the manufacture of cotton goods in New Bedford after 1846. The steady home industry led to a diversion of capital in its favor. Fifth, the discovery of gold in California in 1849 led to the desertion of many crews and laid up the ships which touched at Pacific ports for refitting. No one is rash enough to say precisely in what proportion these adverse forces acted; but in combination they broke down an energetic industry, and whaling, for a time, passed out of public interest. To all except a stubborn few, it became a forgotten trade, a romantic memory.

The rise of the modern whaling industry (the Norwegian companies at the present day capture four or five times as many whales each year as were captured in the palmiest days of the American industry) waited on the solution of two difficulties. It would seem that anyone who could formulate these difficulties could at the same time solve them; yet, as perhaps often happens, the solution did not come from those who had most experience or most to lose in vested interests. The difficulties were these. The traditional whales to hunt were sperm whales and right whales, and they were shy and retreated to the farthest seas, where it took wearisome and costly voyages to find them. Once found, they could be killed with open boats and hand harpoons, for they were slow and fat, and floated when dead; but to kill them this way involved an increasing expense and hardship. That was the first difficulty. The second was that the finwhales (the blue whale and common finner) who were plentiful in accessible regions could not be captured because they were too large, too swift, and because they sank when dead. A Norwegian sailor (Svend Foyn) brooded on these difficulties, and with an original turn of mind, which seems less remarkable when one states the problems baldly, decided not to bother about the first, if with cunning and ingenuity he could surmount the second. He was not hampered by tradition. He made a heavy harpoon gun which even in its crude form was an effective weapon; mounted it on a steam pinnace which could travel fast enough to catch the finwhales; provided compressed air to pump up the whale like a football when once he was dead, and warps with which to tow the carcase back to a shoe factory. This was not done in a moment. He began about 1864; he was not consistently successful until the decade 1870-1880. But his method was intelligent and advantageous. It had a vigorous and profitable future. By 1882 he was imitated widely in Norway, where there were eight companies all told. By 1887 there were twenty companies. The coastal fishing spread to Iceland (1889), to the Faroes (1892), and to the British Isles. Came then the years when Captain Larsen applied Svend Foyn's method to the Southern Seas, and modern whaling began in earnest where it has since progressed most profitably—at South Georgia and the South Shetlands. The American average annual production of whale oil in the prosperous years from 1835 to 1860, was less than 150,000 barrels. The world's catch for 1925 was just over a million barrels, nearly all produced by Norwegian methods, and something like three-fourths of it secured by Norwegian companies. It is an enormous tribute to the zeal with which quick-witted people backed up Svend Foyn, who was the first to discard long Arctic voyages, and to attack the finwhales, up to this time invulnerable.

* * *

The Norwegians spent time and trouble eliminating the second difficulty, and were repaid. The New England tradition was to regard all this as a kind of low cunning, and a contemptible evasion of the first difficulty. I spoke of a stubborn few who would not admit that old time whaling, with open boats and harpoons, was dead after the civil war. They were staunch folk, and no matter how shy the sperm and right whales were, no matter how hard it was to find them, or how costly to kill them by antiquated methods, they were not going to give in. It was their pride, their heritage; some would say, their stupidity. It was beyond their code to pay attention to the ease and profit of new methods; they were set on overcoming the familiar hardships of long voyages and Arctic hunting by simple dogged perseverance, skill, and effort. Were this all, I confess I should not be out of sympathy. It is a manly instinct to try strength against natural forces. But the impulse can be obeyed to excess. Any man has a right to butt his head against a brick wall if he wants to; some butters might display admirable patience and courage; yet at the best such conduct would seem perverse. It was the insistence by the New England whalers on the purblind qualities as the admirable qualities, which is distressing. Suppose a ship was crushed in the ice; a certain number, perhaps all, of the survivors might get back to civilization, with a few toes gone, and a marvellous story to tell. Quite so; but why lose the ship, the produce, and the toes? If it were one's own ship, one had a perfect right to lose it. The produce lost had once been God's living whales; still we had a presumptive right to kill or waste them. The toes were usually some one else's, and we paid him by calling him a brave lad, and listening to his stories. Still, it all looks singularly aimless. That, of course, was a bad voyage. In a good one the ship would come back. There would be a certain small amount of profit, and a smaller material compensation for the cripples. There would be a pride in endurance, a multiplication of traveller's tales, a vague feeling of romance. The tradition of hardship was being kept up. Of course the Norwegians were making more money with less work, less brutality, less loss of life; but they were not playing the game one's forefathers played, which is the best game, the only game, the true game for a New Englander. The complacency of this attitude (which caused the loss of many a man who enlisted in simple faith, and ignorance that there were better things to do) is what annoys, and the praise of that self-praising attitude is what is dangerous.

The historical value of "Pursuing the Whale" lies in its proof of the ignorance with which outworn methods were used in the latter days of the old-fashioned whaling trade, with curious satisfaction to the adventurous and spirited people who ordered the expeditions. A pride is shown in the rigors of Arctic whaling which I can only compare to the pride of a Senior Wrangler at Cambridge in the Mathematical Tripos. Both of these evils were flourishing most vigorously about the same years; there may have been a virus in the air. I am not attacking the whaling industry or educational examinations in general; I am comparing two abuses, which were both attractive to bold spirits, and which were also bad. They were conventions, excitedly developed; good notions, twisted and gone wrong. "Oh, what a winter!" writes Captain Cook, in the chapter called "A Hard Winter with a Mutinous Crew" (the blurb calls this a "salty subject") "I shudder now as I think of it after ten years' time. . . ." The reader shudders too; but as much for the folly of it all as for the hardship. There was not even the virtue of exploration about the wintering at Herschel Island; the strain of living made all aboard irritable and incurious; and the most productive action was to give Amundsen a helping hand. Meanwhile the Norwegians in more friendly seas were starting a new era. They were boosting up the world's catch of whale oil to 75,000, to 125,000 to 150,000 barrels, and so steadily forward towards the 800,000 barrels in 1914 and the million barrels now.

One must not think that amid the unnecessary perils and the pointless hardships, Captain Cook's courage or ability weakened. Throughout the volume one is stirred by his self-reliance in dangerous emergencies and the feeling I have been describing is a felling of anger that such hardihood and such devotion should have been betrayed into unproductive work, and should have unwittingly betrayed others into following him. Admiration for the splendid qualities displayed by adventurers, is ill bestowed if it becomes merged in a loose and uncritical fervor for any adventure, without intelligent regard to value or results. Those who can admire, even if they have no desire to emulate, will find "Pursuing the Whale" an exciting book. Those who desire to know what honest industry without superfluous adventure is like, will be better pleased with "The Whalers of Akutan." This account of the modern whaling in the Aleutian Islands gives an accurate and interesting picture of the steam whale catchers and the shore factories in action. Whaling of this kind forms an important industry, and a larger one, as has been said, than many people realize. It is less cruel, more efficient and more widespread than at any period in the past. That is why the Norwegians smile when people say "The whaling days are gone," and sigh for a vanished romance. But it is better fun to read of trouble than of quiet, of hairbreadth escapes rather than straightforward labor, of quelling mutinies rather than avoiding them, and I suspect "Pursuing the Whale" will have more readers than "The Whalers of Akutan."

Of radically different character from M. Poincaré's work, is the fifth, and since the author is dead presumably the last volume of memoirs by Field Marshal Conrad. "Aus Meiner Dienstzeit, 1906-1918" (Vienna: Rikola) is an ill-asserted and not at all digested compendium of notes and documents constantly revealing the author's unpliable mind conceit, and lack of penetration. For students of history—those, at least trained to separate the chaff from the wheat it contains much material of value but for the lay reader it can have but small interest As a reviewer in the London *Times Literary Supplement* remarks "Never has a man responsible for a war drawn up such an indictment against himself as Conrad in his memoirs, seldom has an unsuccessful general admitted so much as he has in the fourth and fifth volumes; but then never was any man more firmly convinced to the very end that no blame could possibly attach to his own person."

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Informal Essays

PRINTS AND BOOKS. INFORMAL PAPERS. By WILLIAM M. IVINS, JR. Cambridge: Harvard University Press. 1926. $5.

Reviewed by T. H. THOMAS

NEW Yorkers will be familiar with the striking quality of the informal essays contributed by Mr. Ivins to the *Bulletin* of the Metropolitan Museum, but to outside readers this collected volume will come as a surprise. It is altogether unorthodox for a writer on the fine arts to state his points in so direct and straightforward a manner, without the cryptic adjectives which make contemporary French æsthetic criticism a sort of literary cipher,—and none of the pontifical manner so characteristic of Museum publications. Mr. Ivins is no less unorthodox in avoiding all the apparatus of learning and the conventional rituals of accepted critical verdicts,—as well as the usual stuffing of unessential biographical details. We are spared references to innumerable S "states" of the prints discussed; and never once reminded of old-time favorites such as Dürer's cross wife or the unfortunate habits of Turner's later years. This author has something of his own to say: some fresh and original point of appreciation of æsthetic qualities, or a clear and judicious summing up of an artist's achievement, or a keen perception of the tendencies of a whole period. In all these his method is to state his point and drop the matter.

The papers here collected bring forth topics from the whole range of the history of the graphic arts, from all periods and all branches of the graphic arts. In such a wide field the author is singularly free from what might be termed a prejudiced perspective: the distorted vision which comes from viewing the work of one period from the standpoint of another. The grey impartiality of the cataloguer and chronicler is common enough: this observer is able to view works of widely different categories and covers three or four centuries always with a level eye. He has a strong historical sense and appreciates keenly the way an artist's work expresses the feeling of his time and generation;—but yet he can regard him face to face as an individual, ask what the thing was he was trying to do, and then judge very fairly and soundly how far he succeeded. To this undertaking Mr. Ivins brings a sensitive eye, a quick and responsive imagination, and above all strong common sense. Furthermore, he never tries to be unconventional, so that he can speak out the more effectively when the time comes.

> One does not like to be thought guilty of *lèse majesté* to Dürer, but at the same time honesty requires one to admit that his portrait engravings, magnificent as they are, have at least a tendency to stiffness and to the inert, as if his interest in his sitters had been not quite undivided with his interest in technical virtuosity. . . . However fine as engravings, they are not fairly convincing as portraits. It is high time some one should make the pen point.

The touchstone of the historical sense is the degree to which the practitioner can bring it to bear upon his own time; and in this test Mr. Ivins reveals particularly the common-sense already referred to.

> In all probability, when the dust and the shouting shall have subsided, Gauguin will be seen to have been rather a frank and simple-minded person who knit serious patterns, and had neither a conscious theory nor any particular intellectual background.

Gauguin's acquaintances understood this perfectly, but much ink and paper will be wasted before the world at large settles down to this plain, sound statement of the case:—not a word of it will have to be changed. In discussing the influence of the prevailing intellectual winds of a given generation Mr. Ivins notes:

> Thus the whole impressionist movement, with its peculiar preoccupations and its quasi-scientific self-justfication, will be found to correspond most closely with the unalloyed interest in external nature and a certain rationalizing, analyzing mode of thought . . . characteristic of the palmy days of Darwin and Herbert Spencer.

The scientific tendency of the Impressionist school has of course long been familiar, but this restrained suggestion of a broader analogy puts the whole matter in a new and curiously revealing light.

Exceptional in so many ways, this book has the freshness and sprightly movement which makes it appealing, readable, entertaining, even at a first glance,—and at the same time is filled with keen and broad perceptions of the larger aspects of the field—passages tucked away unpretentiously between the lines which lure one back to repeated "second readings." After so much timid accuracy in books on the fine arts it is refreshing to find an author who has ideas.

The Bowling Green

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE CHINESE

THE CODE

HERE I am in England again, said the old Mandarin.
It is all quite simple: I must only be watchful
Against the lefthand traffic
And remember their two great code-words —
Sorry, and *'kyou.*
I can say them with just the British inflection—
Sorry . . . . so sorry!
'kyou, 'kyou!

DILEMMA

But my friend Madrigal
At the hotel in Dublin
Not desiring porridge, which we others were having
Sorely puzzled the waitress by ejaculating
"Cut out the porridge for me."

PLAUSIBLE

In the outer office of a London publisher
Is a preferred blonde
Whose duty it is to be handsome to callers
While they wait to be admitted to the Presence.
She also pastes up the scrapbook of "press cuttings"
And she always says (bless her heart!)
"Oh Mr. Mandarin
Wouldn't you like to see the reviews of your book?
They're so very plausible."

HIS NIFTY

Old F. R., egregious person,
Complains that in the present Bowling Green
He has no chance to contribute the sinister nifties
That spore in his fructuous mind.
Here, then, is his wisecrack of doom—
Sinclair Lewis defied God
And got away with it
But Rudy
Defied a Chicago newspaper editor. . . .

ADDENDUM

And it was the day of the funeral
(Adds the old Mandarin)
That the Campbell Church advertised
"All the quiet dignity and privacy of the home."

SEMAINE DIFFICILE

My studio is on Broadway near 66th,
Remarked D. F., the pensive sculptor.
On one side of me they were mourning Mr. Valentino,
On the other they were welcoming Miss Ederle.
I had four days of Rudy
And then four days of Trudy.

A BIENTOT!

Oh Etablissements Duval
When shall I see you again?
Your quite mediocre cooking
Your dusty little hedges
Your complicated ingenuity of check-slips
And your waitress who says
(when I pause a moment to meditate my syntax)
Et comme vin, Monsieur?

AT THE 100,000 SHIRTS

Oh Cent Mille Chemises! (Succursale Numéro 173)
How startled was your polished salesman:
I was buying some collars
And he asked what size I wanted.
Proudly I cried, remembering my centimetric measure,
Pour une grossesse de quarante-trois.

HOURS OF AFFLUENCE

And in the Métro—the Paris subway—
They have the prettiest verbal nicety:
They call Rush Hours
Les Heures d'Affluence.

FRANCE, I LOVE YOU

Le 'feef-o'clock (c'est à dire le thé de l'après-midi)
Est devenu mot tout à fait français.
Neanmoins, c'est assez amusant
De trouver l'affiche
FIVE-O'CLOCK A TOUTE HEURE.

BEHIND THE FAGGOTS

A phrase I learned in Burgundy
To unlock the heart of the host
Works in Greenwich Village also
For when I ask the proprietor
Y-a-t-il quelque chose cachée derrière les fagots?
He always has.
And if necessary, to please you,
He'll paste some cobwebs on it.

ANXIETIES OF A PURSER

Never let a glass keep ringing
Is a sea superstition.
A tumbler, accidentally tingled so that it chimes
Must be stilled at once, or it means bad fortune.
Evenings in the old *Echolalia*
How we used to keep our host, the purser, leaping from side to side,
By surreptitiously ticking our glasses.
There was only one way for him to avert ill omen—
Keeping our goblets full.

A LITTLE SICKNESS

At the back of the flower-bed
I find a washed-out flake of cardboard—
An imitation daffodil.
And I remember, with a little sickness in my heart,
That when the children
Had gaily picked most of those new trembles of April
I bade them fabricate facsimile daffodils
With cardboard and crayon
And stick them in the ground in place of the ravished ones.
I wanted them to learn that beauty
Once plucked up, can't quite be replaced.
"Old enough to know better," I told them sternly—
Ah, poor fool,
As though anyone ever was!

To C. H. P.

Cross-legged in pyjamas on the floor at one A. M.
Under an electric light
I was enjoying some Japanese poetry.
Suddenly the light went out:
Through the tracery of the oak tree
I saw the old moon rising,
One burning star balanced in a cool chink,
Heard the steady thrill of the crickets—
A hokku, a very hokku!
There, unguessed and unregarded
Had been the perfect essence of what I was admiring
In mere paper and ink.
This is very important, I said,
As I stared at the fragile night.
The bulb went out on purpose to teach me
Not to take the translation for the original.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Says the *Manchester Guardian*:

"An inhabitant of Fleet Street who has been calling for a "Scotch" for about forty years in a licensed house got his first taste of it this week. He is the parrot at the Cheshire Cheese chop-house. He has been unwell for a week, and the Zoo specialist who had been called in found that his trouble is pneumonia, and part of his cure is a few drops of whisky.

He is in an upstairs room which is kept at a certain temperature, for he is a parrot among parrots and has friends throughout the world. A large proportion of American visitors to London have had a word with him, including nearly all the ambassadors, although on one occasion he rather disgraced himself when asked what the ambassador liked so much by replying "Scotch." He has been presented to Princess Mary and other royalties and to at least six Premiers, including Mr. Baldwin. His language is usually careful and ready, and he can imitate the drawing of a cork and the outpouring of a bottle with any parrot in the land. He has kissed thousands of people without biting anyone.

He came to the Cheshire Cheese about forty years ago in a ventilated cigar-box, the present from a sea captain who posted him at Liverpool."

A full length realistic portrait statuette of Socrates, the first ever discovered, has been presented to the British Museum by Walter Lear, the famous Hellenist, and others. It was unearthed at Alexandria. It is made of Parian marble and has only slight imperfections.

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Books of Special Interest

Making a Criminal

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A CROOK. By R. L. DEARDON. New York: The Dial Press. 1926. $2.

Reviewed by WINTHROP D. LANE

OF books on criminals there is a tremendous number at present. Some are weighty volumes on criminology, some are light sketches of the ways of offenders, some are detectives' chat, some are autobiographies. This belongs to the last named class. Mr. Dearden tells the story from material supplied to him by the real thief, Netley Lucas, who is English. This swashbuckling young scalawag, who quotes Browning, Tom Moore, Landor, and Leigh Hunt well, began his destructive ways young; most criminals do. He was an only child, and that was bad for him, for often only children do not have well-rounded lives. He was also "a harbinger of grief and misery" in being born, for his mother died when she gave birth to him, and the father never forgave him. The father cared little for children and placed Netley out with a crabbed old man and woman who cared as little. Another change of household occurred when the lad was six, for he then went to live with his grandparents, who had lost any understanding of children they ever had. The father, forgetting the mother, skipped to Paris with an actress of evil reputation and was murdered in circumstances never learned by Netley.

Sent to a public school, he soon showed his cleverness. Other boys came to him to get them out of their scrapes. This ruddy-cheeked sprite of nine asounded his old friends by solemnly volunteering to poison an unpopular master with "deadly nightshade." "I had to be in the limelight," recounts Lucas. Notoriety was food and drink to him. Hightoby men and crooks were his heroes. "I revelled in accounts of crimes and swindles, putting myself into the places of the principal actors in these sordid dramas." Elders helped along his sense of being at odds with his environment. A "dear interesting orphan boy," guests at country places called him. Some of them had known his father and to them he was: "Poor George's son, you know. Such a pity! His mother's good looks, and his father's brilliance. Much too clever for the Navy!" All of this he heard. Looking like a saintly choir-boy, he says that he only had to turn his eyes on girls and they fell for him "hook, line, and sinker." Something was wrong with young Lucas, that was clear; but what it was he did not know, he never knew, and no one ever discovered.

A precocious boy, he became a precocious criminal. At the age of sixteen his name was known to Scotland Yard. He impersonated a Navy officer and spent most of one season at an exclusive London club, enjoying everything. He went to country house parties and won ladies' hearts; that was all right, but he also stole their necklaces. He rifled drawers in dressing rooms in hotel suites. He cashed bogus checks. He played confidence games expertly and swindled many business men. It was his habit to go into a shop, outfit himself with more clothes than he could use, and never pay a cent. He practiced nearly every kind of crime that had theft in it. Though he made one fleeting trip to New York, he couldn't quite see how to pull his tricks here, and so he went back.

Through the story we get pathetic glimpses of Lucas's better nature, of his disgust with himself. How far this is genuine, and how far it is the creation of Mr. Dearden, it is impossible to say. One has a feeling that it is Mr. Dearden's moralizing, Mr. Dearden's acquaintance with literature, and Mr. Dearden's adeptness at story-telling that are being revealed, rather than those of the young crook who knew all the "fences" of London.

Lucas had turned over a new leaf at the end of the book and was off for the colonies to make good. His story illustrates at what an early age many criminal careers begin; how easy it is for children to be so treated that they later go wrong; and how little is done in the course of a criminal's career to discover why he is a criminal. For Lucas has been in the hands of prison authorities several times, but no one ever diagnosed his difficulty. What happened to him in his childhood to make him anti-social was not learned. Similarly, no one knew why he had reformed, if he had reformed. No one could now apply the same treatment to some one else, for no one knows what that treatment was. Lucas just "reformed."

State Annals

HISTORY OF MISSISSIPPI. By DUNBAR ROWLAND. Chicago-Jackson: The S. J. Clarke Publishing Company. 1925. 2 vols.

Reviewed by LUCY M. SALMON

THAT *convenient personage*, "the average citizen," "the average reader," or "the man on the street," knows much of Mississippi, especially if he lives north of Mason and Dixon's line. He may be unable to give its geographic boundaries, but he knows that it is a sparsely settled state, that its negro population outnumbers the white, that it is fundamentalist in religion and regular in politics, that it invented the "grandfather's clause," or if not that, at least something like it, that it understands gerrymandering as well as did Elbridge Gerry himself (*and in confirmation of this* statement he points with pride to the shoestring district) and finally he knows that Mississippi, like every other one of the other forty-eight states in the Union, can give pointers in practical politics to one and all, each and several.

To such wise men the impressive volumes by the distinguished Director of the Mississippi State Department of Archives and History will come as a rude shock, jolting them out of their complacency and suggesting to them the wealth of information in regard to Mississippi they have yet to acquire. If the volumes seem to be written somewhat in the superlative degree, this will be a wholesome corrective for the depreciatory tone often affected by the ignorant towards superior knowledge.

To the student of history the volumes will have a qualified service. He will appreciate the tireless, devoted activity that has produced them, he will profit by the care with which the archives of the State are being preserved and made available for the use of all; and he will be encouraged to renew his efforts to secure similar results elsewhere. His own use of them must, however, be somewhat restricted by the lack of an adequate bibliography, the absence of footnotes, the meager and repetitious references at the end of each chapter, and by the somewhat uncritical use the author has made of his material. Sweeping statements are given without supporting evidence, general conclusions are drawn from facts not disclosed, and the insatiable desire of students who wish to know what lies beneath the surface is seldom appeased.

The first impression made by the work is that it is a combination of discursive narrative history, encyclopædia of facts, military roster, and panegyric of "the heart of the South." The numerous illustrations are sometimes genuine contributions to history, but for the most part their interest seems purely sentimental. Careful reading tends to confirm first impressions and to lead to the conclusion that the work falls between two stools.

The general reader will not be attracted by pages of names of Mississippians prominent in early settlements, in politics, or in war, or by the dictionary-encyclopædic account of the eighty-two counties of the State. On the other hand the research worker will miss much that is vital if he seeks to reconstruct from it a living picture of this most interesting State. The attempt to square the circle seems as futile in history as it does in mathematics. The special value of the work lies in the indication it gives of what still remains to be done. But it seems probable that the direction this must take is not that indicated by the author when he says that "one of the important objects and tasks of American historians is the writing of adequate State histories." This has repeatedly been undertaken and as repeatedly failed. A few years ago, a great publishing house engaged distinguished historians to write the history of the various commonwealths of the Union, but the series was abandoned because of the little interest it had been able to secure. With the increasing facilities for communication among all parts of the country, it is becoming correspondingly difficult to grow enthusiastic over boundary lines that have for the most part been determined by parallels of latitude and longitude. It becomes more and more inherently impossible to set up barriers and to concentrate interest on the territory they delimit. The special contribution made to the cause of history in the State of Mississippi has not been its achievements as they are narrated in the "History of Mississippi," but the creation of its Department of Archives and History of which the organizer and the efficient director has been Dunbar Rowland.

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A Letter From France

By Louise Morgan Sill

A NEW book of historical and critical value is "Thomas Deloney: Le Roman des Métiers au Temps de Shakespeare" (Nouvelle Revue Française), by Abel Chevalley, author of "Angleterre au 19e Siècle" (Regne de Victoria), "Le Roman Anglais de Notre Temps" (Oxford University Press), etc. M. Chevalley gives a fascinating account of the artisan-novelist, Deloney, and is the first writer to affirm the true literary significance of this sixteenth century weaver who was workman, vagabond, troubadour, pamphleteer, and finally novelist of the workshop and the street in the days of Elizabeth. Writing a century and a half before Fielding, he was the first to describe artisan life in fiction, the first to paint working people realistically. In this he was the precursor of the modern realistic novel, and his importance lies there as well as in the genuine, sincere, and vivid quality —and the quiet humor—of his work. No one but him has described for posterity the golden age of the Guilds, the "magnificent syndicalism" of Shakespeare's time.

M. Chevalley does not exaggerate the talent of Thomas Deloney, who was not, he explains, an "unknown genius," but endeavors to give him his rightful place in history. And though Deloney has been not infrequently mentioned by literary historians or commentators—and notably by MM. Legouis and Cazamian in their admirable "History of English Literature"—this is the first time justice has been accorded to this remarkable man in full measure. The volume will be quickly followed by M. Chevalley's French translations of Deloney's novels, "Thomas of Reading," "Jack of Newbury," and "The Gentle Craft." M. Chevalley was formerly editor of foreign politics on the Paris *Temps*, then for five years in charge of American Affairs at the Foreign Office, 1910-1914, and Minister Plenipotentiary to Norway and High Commissioner in the Caucasian Republics. His "Roman Anglais de Notre Temps" has already appeared in English in America.

Edouard Schneider, who wrote that inspiring book "Eléonora Duse, Souvenirs, Notes, et Documents," has just published "Promenades d'Italie" (Grasset). There is no politics in this agreeable book, but the soul of Italy, its people, its art, and landscapes, seen through the eyes of a man of culture who loves the country ardently and knows it well. He notes the changes made in the museums since the war; he takes his reader to Rome, Ravello, Florence, Naples, Capri, Paestum, and many other enchanted places which he interprets sympathetically. M. Schneider has also written several plays, one of which was given at the Odéon; but his most important drama, "Exaltation," which was to have been played by Duse, and was written with the benefit of her consent and spiritual collaboration, has never been produced owing to her death.

Every now and then a new book on Baudelaire appears. As bit by bit his art criticism has been found and printed, his fame has grown as one of the most significant art critics of France. The most recent study of the poet is "Notre Baudelaire" (Plon) by the poet and critic, Stanislas Fumet, issued in the series of "Le Roseau d'Or," with an expressive photograph. M. Fumet seeks the truth in the Baudelaire enigma and finds much gold among the ore. He quotes the poem "L'Examen de Minuit," where Baudelaire reveals his remorse and aspiration, and which did not appear in the earlier editions of the "Fleurs du Mal." It has been proved now that the dissoluteness of this poet was largely imaginary. The reader will not fail to be interested in the interpretation of Baudelaire's though with relation to "love" and the Creator. Art is indeed long, and so is literature. A new edition of "Fleurs du Mal" will have a Preface by Paul Valéry.

Students of the Romance languages will be interested in "Le Bête du Vaccares" (Grasset), by Joseph d'Arbaud, perhaps now the best Provençal poet, one of the literary heirs of Mistral. The author wrote this curious story first in Langue d'Oc, then in French, and his two versions are given side by side. There is also a Preface by Charles Maurras, which is at once an explanation and a eulogy of the author. The tale is drawn from an ancient Provençal "bestiaire," an dis in character a poetical fable in prose, told, it is supposed, by a bull-herdsman in the Camargue in the fifteenth century, and begins: "In the name of the Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost, in the name of Our-Lady-of-the-Sea and of our holy Marys." The herdsman finds the track of a strange beast, hunts it for a long time in vain, and when he at last finds it, it speaks to him and claims to be a half-god. But in the end it vanishes forever. There is a glossary of Provençal words used in the French version. Vaccarès is the name of the largest pond in the Camargue, where Joseph d'Arbaud, after having studied law at Aix, settled as a bull fancier, and where he lives the life of a herdsman in love with solitude and great spaces.

Guglielmo Ferrero's new book "Le Passé et l'Avenir" (Kra) is a superior journalistic report of the present situation of the world, a comparison of the present with the past, which is readable and not very long. Its observations will not be new to many readers who follow the general development of civilization, but for those who do not the book will be a useful guide to understanding and thought. A short chapter on "Ce Que les Américains Cherchent en Europe" supplies an answer to this question which has every semblance of being the true one, namely, variety. Compared to our apparently immense monotony of life and character, Europe furnishes, in small spaces, infinite variety in customs, architecture, people, life. Ferrero shows that even European variety is doomed to disappear, and is already on the way to doing so—the inevitable result of modern industrial tendencies.

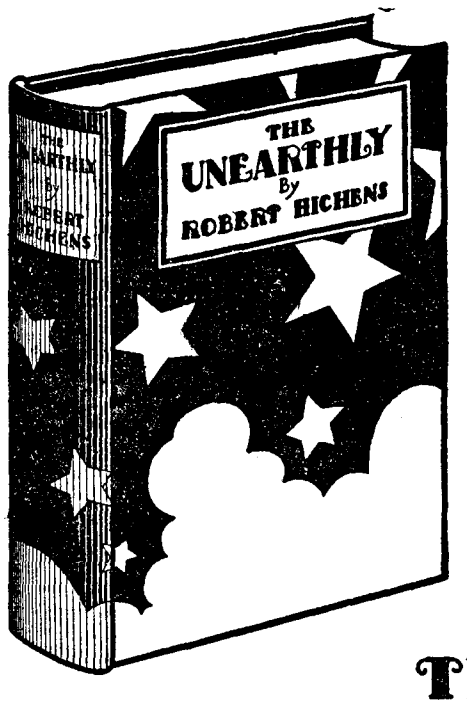
Madame Aurore Sand (Madame Lauth-Sand) has published through Calmann-Lévy the "Journal Intime" of her famous great-grandmother, George Sand. While the volume adds nothing absolutely necessary to the literature of this writer, it completes the whole, and gives us unpublished sketches, letters, reminiscences, literary portraits and criticism, descriptions of nature, a bit of everything in the great number of subjects handled by George Sand outside of her novels. There are also indications of her stormy experiences with various literary men—the long list of whom is extraordinary. As new books appear, and unpublished correspondence between her and her friends is given out, the feeling grows that George Sand has not yet been adequately estimated nor understood.

A beautiful reproduction of an extremely rare sixteenth century work, "Le Songe de Poliphile," has just been issued by Payot by subscription. The book is made from the Kerver edition of 1546, in the old translation by Jean Martin, and includes the two hundred engravings by Jean Goujon after pictures by Mantegna. This book is an expression of the Renaissance in its sculpture, architecture, decorative art, and symbolism. Thirteen hundred and fifty-five copies were published.

The centenary of the birth of Beethoven, in 1927, has elicited new publications, among them a Life by André de Hévésy (Editions Emile-Paul), which contains new testimony from documents recently discovered in Austrian châteaux, and which definitely fix those uncertainties in Beethoven's life that have continued to puzzle commentators. There is also "La Jeunesse de Beethoven" (Payot), by J.-G. Prod'homme, covering the musician's years from his birth in 1770 to 1800; and there is the second volume of Unpublished Works by Beethoven, containing hitherto unpublished musical compositions which have been transcribed by G. de Saint-Foix and issued by the Société Française de Musicologie, including a Trio for violin, 'cello, and piano, a Rondo for the piano, and a Gavotte for four hands.

Abel Bonnard's "Eloge de l'Ignorance" (Hachette) is written in the exquisite style for which the author is famous. His short essays which appear from time to time in the *Journal des Débats* are the very flowers of Paris journalism, replete not only with eloquence but solid wisdom. His book on Ignorance should be widely read. It contains a severe analysis of the very common type of people in our time—probably of other times—who talk without thinking, read without thinking, accept ready-made opinions and add nothing to the substance of life. He calls them "the artificial barbarians who are the supreme creation of the modern world." He might have called them also the most mischievous by-product of the printing press.

M. Charles Seignobos has completely revised and greatly enlarged his admirable "Histoire Politique de l'Europe Contemporaine" (Paris: Colin), which since its appearance almost thirty years ago has been regarded as one of the best and most readable surveys of European annals. He has made his revision in the light of the events of the war years, and has added to his already exhaustive bibliographies a vast number of new titles.



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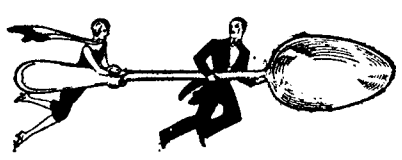

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Points of View

Sacrilege

To the Editor of *The Saturday Review*:

SIR:

More than fifty years ago Frederick Nietzsche remarked that we moderns were constantly occupied in reducing what is noble in life to the trite and commonplace. The unsightly process would seem to be continual and ubiquitous. The sober dignity that encompassed the lives of our fathers is no more.

Just as the inhuman flickering mechanics of the cinomatagraph is supplanting the more authentic appeal of the theatre, and the automatic modern business-office replacing the older and more personal methods of merchandise traffic, so to those accustomed to follow the trends of current literature there can be noted today a definite inclination to popularize and cheapen the great books of the past. And especially is this unfortunate disposition to be observed in England and America where there appear from time to time writers of real understanding who feel no shame in pandering to the prevailing irreverence of their age. Bernard Shaw has brought Joan of Arc and many another celebrated character out of history "up to date," and Mr. Van Loon has not hesitated to do the same dubious service for men and women in the old Bible stories. The former can be forgiven, however, by virtue of his sharp liberating wit and the latter because of the apparent honesty of his intention. But when there enters upon this same field a critic whose work we have been accustomed to listen to with respect, and when the book of this critic becomes a "best-seller," receiving enthusiastic plaudits from both sides of the Atlantic, we feel impelled, with however hoarse a voice, to register some kind of protest. Surely there are certain figures in the stored legends of the human race that should be immune from trivial treatment.

Does Dr. John Erskine realize that when he renders vulgar the figure of Helen of Troy he does outrage to a myth, to a memory, which has cast a spell over the imaginations of the men and women of our Western world for nearly three thousand years? How he has had the audacity to desecrate, with a viler desecration than Paris was guilty of, his "lass unparalled" is more than I know! To every person sensitive to traditional culture in Europe and America a certain inviolability has seemed in the past to hedge about the memory of this tragic woman, so long dead. And yet here comes this clever Professor pushing his way through the echoing galleries of antiquity for the sole purpose of translating the matchless wife of Menelaus into something that tallies with his own conception of suburban domesticity. I dare venture to say that such a book as "The Private Life of Helen of Troy" has done more to debase the æsthetic perceptions of the reading public than the wide-spread distribution of the most scandalous volume of pornography to be picked up on the Quai Voltaire.

In these "lonesome latter years" it is by no means an easy matter to preserve in its cool purity that age-old Homeric vision of life and yet such a vision is most surely the true vision, and one that it should be our unfaltering object to sustain in all the clear, pristine depth of its poetic simplicity. The souls of us moderns no longer have free passage; like seabirds whose shining feathers have become clogged with a foul oil, we float aimlessly to and fro amid the shifting insincerities and affectatons of our immediate environment. We are gulled far too easily by the importunate illusion of each feverish day as it passes into eternity, and it is only by becoming more and more familiar with the inspired wisdom of great men as it has been preserved to us in books that we can hope to attain to a spiritual attitude, a calm, not wholly unworthy of our heritage. But what if the ambrosial stream of Oceanus is to be tainted at its very source! What if all we are to know of Helen of Troy is what we can learn from such a book as Mr. John Erskine's clever travesty? And yet this petty paraphrase of an immortal tale is being read by thousands with the utmost glee in America and England.

A critic in the *Westminster Gazette* writes "It will have more effect in humanizing the classic civilizations than most erudite treatises." Woe to Columbus! Is there a single sentence in Mr. Erskine's version that recaptures that essential nobility of style which is in every line of the Iliad and the Odyssey? The whole point of his performance, as far as I am able to see, consists in a controlled, facetious endeavor to provoke an amused smile on Philistine lips.

Consider Homer's genius for surrounding the habtation of Menelaus, and indeed all that has to do with that renowned Prince, with a cool spaciousness, Godlike, gleaming, bright! Consider how often we who pine and fret away our puny lives have had our souls strengthened and restored by turning once again to these old pages wherein the smallest incident described has about it a lucent, radiant quality born, it would seem, of white corn fields, of the unresting sea, of the silent night, and of the clear sunshine of the day. Bring back to mind the mood that the reading of these great chapters creates; envisage once more the immaculate scenes of that golden age,—the dismounting of Telemachus from his inlaid chariot so soon to be "tilted against the shining faces of the gateway,"—the incomparable splendor that belongs, by an inevitable dispensation, to the most unimportant object in the dustless dwelling-house, and then catch the tone with which Mr. Erskine delights to divert his readers.

I will give you certain quotations "'How good of you, Helen, to return my call so promptly,' said Charitas. 'I was distressed that you weren't at home. Just as soon as I heard of your unexpected return, I went over to your house. It seemed the least a girlhood friend could do. There's so much I want to hear. The other side of the garden is shaded—we'll go there.'" Mark how the wit of a sentence like that depends on the trick of deliberately substituting banal, bourgeois associations for the lofty, circumambient atmosphere of the original. In dialogue the same note is struck. "'Menelaus' said Helen. 'May I have a word with you?' 'I'm busy. What do you want?' 'I want to talk to you about Hermione.' 'Now, what's wrong with her?'" In their quarrels it is the same again. "If you'd feel better to kill me, I'll gladly go and bring your heroic sword. You left it in the dining-room, I think." In their discourses also. "I don't agree that mother is growing old. Quite the reverse. She's so—what shall I call it?—she's so vital." And in their thoughts "It occurred to Telemachus that he (Menelaus) was beginning to miss his daily exercise at Troy."

These are but a few accidental examples of the manner of Mr. Erskine's treatment of the ancient legend. Is it not a significant commentary upon our age that humor of this kind should constitute what is necessary for a "best-seller?" How could a man of Mr. Erskine's integrity and judgment have been persuaded to prostitute his talents to so mean an end? "How good of you Helen to return my call so promptly." "I'm busy. What do you want?" "You left your heroic sword in the dining-room," "She's so vital," "beginning to miss his daily exercise at Troy."

With what cold contempt such jesting would have been received by the great spirits of the past who understood the secret of Homer! How infinitely distasteful it would have been to John Milton, William Cowper, Tennyson, Longfellow, Matthew Arnold, Ralph Waldo Emerson!

The affair of every critic of letters should be to educate ignorant and crass minds into a lively appreciation of that heightened sense of consciousness which the genius of great poets is able to reveal. It should on no account be their business to reduce poetry to prose, to drag the fair, shy, unravished body of poetry, for sport, all wet and shimmering, out of her hidden pool in the rocks, merely to see how she would manage to accommodate herself to the superficial values of our forlorn epoch.

The book ends as it begins with deep offense. One of the most beautiful and moving passages in all secular literature occurs in the fourth book of the Odyssey. It is when Telemachus, and the son of Nestor, and Menelaus, and Argive Helen herself, suddenly feel their hearts stirred within them "with the desire for lamentation" when they remember the dread disaster that had been brought to life "far on the ringing plains of windy Troy." And at that moment of august silence, in that stately palace hall, white-armed Helen, the daughter of Zeus, the fairest among women, brings to the still group of mortals who for a moment of time would seem to have comprehended, would seem to have taken upon themselves, the sorrows of the whole world, a bowl of drugged wine with power "to lull all pain and anger in their hearts and bring forgetfulness of every sorrow."

Even when confronted by the unsurpassed beauty of that legendary scene Mr. Erskine still finds himself capable of indulging in his frivolous innuendoes. He is not one to exclaim with good Doctor Faustus in a moment of frenzied intellectual exultation.

Was this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium!

* * * * * *

Oh! thou are fairer than the evening air
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars;

He finds it safer and doubtless more profitable to exercise his art of facetious detachment and end his book with his customary light touch. "He took it from her, his hand touched hers, and she smiled at him. It was as she had said; he forgot all his sorrows—as it seemed, forever. But the magic he knew, was not in the wine. Menelaus was busy with his food on the other side of the table."

LLEWELYN POWYS.

Dorchester, Eng.

Students of German literary history will be interested in "Rahel und Alexander von der Marwitz in Ihren Briefen" (Gotha: Perthes), which has been compiled and edited by Heinrich Meisner. The letters contained in the volume are published for the first time from the originals in the Staatsbibliothek in Berlin, and present an interesting chronicle of the acquaintance between two persons who to an extraordinary degree embodied the romantic movement of the time. Rahel was the elder by sixteen years of the fervent though studious youth who commented so freely to her both upon his emotions and his intellectual interests, and both came in contact with the great figures of the German literary world of their day.

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Biography

A CABINET OF CHARACTERS. Chosen and Edited by GWENDOLIN MURPHY. Oxford University Press. 1926. $4.25.

Traces of the character type of writing may be found in the oldest literature, but it is peculiarly a product of the seventeenth century. English literature in the period between Queen Elizabeth and Queen Anne was in a relatively decadent state, and decadence in literature shows up best through satire. The character, being in the words of Sir Thomas Overbury, "wit's descant on any plain song," became a very popular literary type with the post-Elizabethans. The editor of the present collection defines the character very properly as "a short, concise, objective account of the properties of a typical person, place, or object which are combined together to make a small whole. The motive is often satirical, or didactic, and the style generally aims at wit." Most writers of characters actually aimed to ridicule their objects in terse, sententious descriptions. It is not stretching the comparison too far to say that the character is to prose what the sonnet is to poetry: at its best "in little comprehending much."

The character was first made prominent by Theophrastus, whose thirty "Vices" became the model for many an English writer. From his time to the end of the sixteenth century the character was to be culled from many a book, but not written as such. From 1614, however, when Overbury published his first collection of characters, till well into the eighteenth century the character had an extraordinary vogue. During the seventeenth century Overbury's collection went through seventeen editions, John Earle's book twelve editions, and other volumes were almost as popular. The theme of the character is most varied, as may be gathered from some of Overbury's and Earle's titles; but only about a half dozen writers helped to further the development of the type, the others merely repeated themselves.

The present volume was begun in 1917, but the author postponed its completion to work on her "Bibliography of English Character-Books, 1608-1700," which was published last year. The "Cabinet" is a very discerning and scholarly collection, containing representative specimens from sixty-nine authors and ranging from Theophrastus to Galsworthy. The editorial introduction to each author is at once brief and elucidating. The volume is an important addition to the number of scholarly works recently published by Englishwomen.

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ELEMENTARY PRINCIPLES OF CHEMISTRY. Revised by *Raymond B. Brownlee, William J. Hancock, Robert W. Fuller, Michael D. Sohon, and Jessie E. Whitsit*. Allyn & Bacon. $1.60.

Fiction

THE SCAMP. By VIRGIL MARKHAM. Illustrated by HENRY PITZ. Macmillan. 1926. $2.

This novel is subtitled "The Fortune of Francis Talbot and His Friends During the Reign of His Majesty George the First." The tale is carefully built and artfully decorated. It makes earnest attempt to steer the hard and needful course between fidelity to the facts of public history and responsiveness to the impulses of romantic fancy. But the action by no means moves of itself, and the style, both narrative and dialogue, is contrived, composed. We get no illusion of "reality,"—of tangible warmth and visible color snatched from the shadows of the past. This is an ingenious puppet-show with the wires in plain sight and the showman's voice mouthing phrases out of a book.

The action begins with a mysterious murder on the outskirts of a Shropshire village. The Crowner and the rustics who attend the Quest are familiar with their Shakespeare, for they all speak more or less Justice, Shallow, and his satellites. A map of Shropshire, town, hill, and dale, adorns the inner cover of the book, "shewing the country wherein Francis Talbot and the Scamp had sundry adventures." If the reader is attracted by the early chapters, if the patent artifice of the performance does not put him off, he may be able to follow these adventures with satisfaction to their romantic ending.

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International

THE CONSTITUTION AT THE CROSS ROADS. A Study of the Legal Aspects of the League of Nations, The Permanent Organization of Labor, and the Permanent Court of International Justice. By EDWARD A. HARRIMAN. Doran. 1925.

In this book the author attempts to analyze the organization of the League of Nations, the Permanent Organization of Labor, and the Permanent Court of International Justice. His purpose is to indicate to the American people what would be involved in joining those organizations and to what extent the American Constitution is thereby affected. Although he purports to eschew

(*Continued on next page*)

Thirty Days Hath September

and on the first of these the staff of THE SATURDAY REVIEW assembled for lunch at the Hotel Unabridged, across the street from the office. The editors were swapping ideas for interesting experiments in the fall issues and the business manager was bubbling over with enthusiasm about the tremendous response to the subscription expiration notices which had been mailed to Charter Subscribers. This swung the conversation from literature to the excitement of the business office and two of our poetically inclined members spoiled a perfectly good menu card writing alternate lines of sonnets to be used in getting renewals of those who had not yet sent in their checks. It is difficult to pick the *better* sonnet. Which would overcome the inertia of your fountain pen? There is only one title:

To An Expiring Subscriber

A very well known writer, *viz.*, John Erskine,
Has called intelligence an obligation—
Whoever now would save his skin (or her skin)
Must sit in at some literary ration—
And so, with no desire to seem too cruel,
This sonnet, written in the mode Petrarchan—
Is writ to urge you, where is your Renewal?
How dull and dim, crepuscular and dark an'

Completely without interest or cheer
Would be the prospect opening up for you
Unless you felt that for another year
You'd have your faithful *Saturday Review*.
Because we know you're careful, aye, and thrifty
The Business office cries—It's just Three Fifty

Now that we've all survived the Heated Term
I'm sending you a line (a line that's dotted)
Observe, Napoleonically plotted,
This scheme to perforate your epiderm.
Why then, old thing, procrastinate and squirm?
How quickly can a check be signed and blotted—
Renew for your *Review* in space allotted
And save the U. S. postage of the firm.

No need to bother Lady Friend, and bribe her
To lend her copy of the S. R. L.
O lucky you, triumphant resubscriber,
For fifty weeks (and eke two weeks as well).
And so my parting word to you, by thunder:
Enclose your check . . . and sign your name hereunder—

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The New Books

International

(*Continued from preceding page*)

consideration of the question whether it is desirable or not for the United States to become members of those organizations, but merely to point out the legal consequence of such membership, the inference is not disguised that the author regards such membership as of grave danger to the independence of the United States. Hence, the title of the work, The Constitution at the Cross Roads between nationalism and internationalism. The analysis of the documents and of the organizations involved, together with a description of the decisions of the Permanent Court of International Justice, are probably fairly accurate. There is nothing very original about the work.

Juvenile

OUR FRIENDS AT THE FARM. By E. CHIVERS DAVIES. Crowell. 1926. $1.50.

OUR FRIENDS AT THE ZOO. By JULIA T. E. STODDARD. The same.

These companion volumes will make easy reading for youngsters of from four to seven. Uniform in size and clearly printed with plenty of pictures in black and white and a number of excellent full-page color illustrations, each book gives descriptions and anecdotes of various animals at the Zoo and on the Farm, with a running thread of narrative as well. We found the Farm book decidedly the more spontaneous of the two. Such a pleasantly conversational account of a little city-bred boy's recovery of his health on an old fashioned farm where he can be upon intimate terms with horses, cows, sheep, and every variety of barnyard creature should be appealing, especially as the small hero is natural and his speech has a twentieth century ring to it. Also the effort to impart information about the habits and uses of the animals is somewhat less apparent than in "Our Friends at the Zoo." The format of these books is attractive and in both cases the honors go to the artists rather than to the authors.

DANIEL DU LUTH, OR ADVENTURING ON THE GREAT LAKES. By EVERETT MCNEIL. Dutton. 1926. $2.

Besides the usual Boy Adventure stories turned out every year by the scores, this tale of early pioneer explorers of the Canadian border in the days when it was still a possession of France, stands out with a spirit and vigor all its own. Following frankly in the school of James Fenimore Cooper, the author has written a rattling good historical narrative of the adventures of a French youth, Paul Douay, who joins the explorer Daniel Du Luth on a remarkable journey through the wilderness about the Great Lakes. How the boy searches to find his lost sister, stolen as a child years before by the Indians; how he discovers her being worshipped by an Indian tribe; how she saves him from torture and death, and how in turn he saves her, after a mad race to reach Niagara Falls before the hostile Indians, and brings her home in safety to her own people, makes stirring reading for any boy in his teens. There is a good background of early American history here, which the author wisely enough subordinates to his action, and though there is plenty of romance throughout the tale, it is remarkably free from mawkish sentiment or a too mature love story. Plenty of fighting and bloodshed, yes,—but wonderfully free from "blood and thunder" of the movie sort!

AT BOW VIEW. By *Gladys Blake.* Appleton. $1.75.

THE DONEGAL WONDER BOOK. By *Seumus Macmanus.* Stokes. $2.

ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI. By *E. M. Wilmot-Buxton.* Stokes. $1.50.

LETTERS FROM UNCLE HENRY. By *Henry B.* MASON. Stokes. $2.

VALERY GARRICK'S PICTURE FOLK-TALES. Illustrated by the author. Stokes. $1.50.

THE CAPTAIN OF THE CLOTHESPINS. By *James Woodward Sherman.* Little, Brown. $1 net.

THE QUEEN OF ROUMANIA'S FAIRY BOOK. Illustrated by *N. Grossman-Bulyghin.* Stokes. $3.

KOOTENAI WHY STORIES. By *Frank B. Linderman.* Scribners. $2.

PETER PAN AND WENDY. By *J. M. Barrie.* Retold by May Byron. Illustrated by Mabel Lucie Attwell. Scribners. $1.

A RIDE ON A ROCKING HORSE. By *Ray Garnett.* Dutton. $2.

LAPLANE LEGENDS. Retold by *Leonne de Cambrey.* Yale University Press. $3.

IN THE BEGINNING. By *Eva Erleigh.* Illustrated by Mary Adshead. Doubleday, Page.

PEDRO OF THE BLACK DEATH. By *C. M. Bennett.* Dutton. $2.

FIGHT 'EM, BIG THREE. By *Harold M. Sherman.* Appleton. $1.75.

Poetry

SELECTED POEMS. By ALDOUS HUXLEY. Appleton. 1926.

A very much better selection than this is might have been made from Mr. Huxley's poems. Forty specimens, mostly of his earliest verse, make up a volume all too brief to represent his gift in its true dimensions. "Leda," his longest, if not his best poem, is not included. Nearly all the present poems have an experimental air and leave a curious sense of incompleteness. In his more formal moods Mr. Huxley is rather stiff and ungraceful. He does not belong to a "silver" age. Such things as "Songs of Poplars" and "Philoclea in the Forest" sit uneasily upon his literary character. In his freer verses he approaches so nearly to prose that only the alignment exists to distinguish them from parallel things in his prose works. Such a very characteristic poem as "On the 'Bus" might easily have occurred in the midst of one of his novels. But Mr. Huxley's poetic gift is anything but slight. This is best evidenced, perhaps, in the remarkable translation of Stéphane Mallarme's "L'Apres-Midi d'un Faune," which is something more than a mere *tour de force.* His intellectual energy rather overbalances the other energies apparent in his verse, but, at the best, there are many such excellences as in the lines "In Uncertainty to a Lady"

I am not one of those who sip,
Like a quotidian bock,
Cheap idylls from a languid lip
Prepared to yawn or mock.

I wait the indubitable word,
The green Unconscious Cue
Has it been spoken and unheard?
Spoken, perhaps, by you.

This has an epigrammatic felicity and eighteenth century quality rare enough in our day, but, in common with the bulk of the present poems, it does not adequately represent the warmth of the author's poetic imagination. His verse has very little cadence. Mr. Huxley is one of the few of the younger living authors who has had the wisdom to leave verse and take to prose as the more suitable medium for the expression of the kind of thing he wants to say. His sharp wit never darts so well or so far in verse as in prose.

There is a shade more of queer looking than strange thinking in the author's own verse. But these are high reservations and in any strict account of contemporary verse Mr. Huxley would have to be considered to the exclusion of many a poet whose name and work are better known.

Science

WHAT EVOLUTION IS. By GEORGE HOWARD PARKER. Harvard University Press. 1925. $1.50.

EVOLUTION AND GENETICS. By THOMAS HUNT MORGAN. Princeton University Press. 1925. $2 net.

THE CHAIN OF LIFE. By LUCRETIA PERRY OSBORN. Scribners. 1925. $2.

Here is a trio of interesting books. Professor Parker's covers the usual field of one setting forth an understandable account of the evolutionary theory bereft of the extremely detailed and sometimes questioned evidences which modern biologists are rightly concerned with but which are beyond the appreciation of the ordinary reader. His expositions are always clear and vividly interesting, and this book is no exception.

Morgan writes of comparable evidences, although in a somewhat more detailed manner with more of the argument and less in the manner of a simple, direct statement of the essentials. His is a book the reading of which might with great profit follow the first, as it would not only serve to refresh one's memory from a somewhat different angle but would serve to amplify the knowledge gained from Parker.

As a third review, although from a very different viewpoint, that of the paleontologist rather than the recent biologist, one should read "The Chain of Life," for by it, at any rate after the first chapter or so, the reader is led into a different field and may study in a far greater measure of detail evidences which are but briefly treated in the other two volumes. The story of life interpreted from the fossil record is a fascinating one, and Mrs. Osborn has not only the available information from her associations but the gift of lucid description which gives the book rare charm.

All three authors are to be thanked for a very real service to troubled humanity and one which will serve largely to put at rest vexatious doubts.

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The Reader's Guide

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Inquiries in regard to the selection of books and questions of like nature should be addressed to MRS. BECKER, c/o *The Saturday Review*

A BALANCED RATION

HER SON'S WIFE. By *Dorothy Canfield.* (Harcourt, Brace.)

A MIRROR TO FRANCE. By *Ford Madox Ford.* (A. & C. Boni.)

THE LETTERS OF WILLIAM JAMES. (Little, Brown.)

M. L., Montrose, N. Y., asks for a number of books, most of them not fiction, that will give the color and feeling of the American colonial period, saying, "I have been trying in vain to make the years 1750-1776, in which I am particularly interested, come alive for me."

RECOVERING the "color and feeling" of the decade just before our Revolution has been until lately like restoring the frescoes of an ancient church, by scraping away coats of whitewash. This has now been done for us by James Truslow Adams, in "The Founding of New England" (Little, Brown), a book that will send its readers scurrying through the two that follow it, "Revolutionary New England," and "New England in the Republic" (Little, Brown). The highest authority on its subject is Herbert L. Osgood's "American Colonies in the Eighteenth Century" (Columbia University Press), in four volumes, a lifework posthumously published, showing the growth of the American political ideal. For the French and Indian Wars and the chronicle of the forest there is nothing like Parkman. There is much illumination in "The Frontier in American History," by F. J. Turner (Holt), whose first chapters treat this period. There is C. M. Andrews's "Colonial Background of the American Revolution" (Yale University Press), and for a picture of modes of life robust to roughness, the story of the youth of John Marshall as told in Albert Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall" (Houghton, Mifflin) not only for larger views, but for homely details like the pins his mother used to make out of thorns. The pleasant books of Alice Morse Earle about customs and manners will help, especially "Colonial Dames and Good Wives" (Macmillan), Carl Holliday's "Woman's Life in Colonial Days" (Cornhill), and the unusual and effective way of bringing back "A Day in a Colonial Home" (Marshall Jones).

The novels of Mary Johnston are colorful in detail and spiritually trustworthy; the heroine of her "Croatan" is Virginia Dare (Little, Brown), and there is a new romance, "The Great Valley" (Little, Brown), that is breathlessly interesting and charged with deep feeling. I cannot resist recommending Honoré Willsie's "We Must March" (Stokes) though it is not in just these years; it culminates in Marcus Whitman's ride from Oregon, and the pioneer conditions are near enough to those that prevailed earlier in the East. Robert Chambers's "Cardigan" is another reliable romance. Nor may I in gratitude omit the American part of Thackeray's "The Virginians," which gave me as a child the first glimpse of these years as seen from across the ocean.

But as I set down the names of these books, I cannot restrain a chuckle at the thought of how some people in Massachusetts and Virginia will bounce at the idea that the years 1750-1776 need resuscitation.

R. B. G., New York, asks what books will help the parents of a growing girl to understand the problems of the teens. If these books may be given to her, all the better.

ONE of the problems that beset the minds of girls in high school being often what they are going to do for a living after they graduate, a book has just appeared that sets a girl at work for herself, in a practical and intelligent way, to investigate her own faculties and opportunities. This is "What Girls Can Do," by Ruth Wanger (Holt), a guidance text by the problem method. In a girl's own language it poses and resolves such questions as arise when she is trying to get some idea of what she will make of herself. By letting the girl work out many of them for herself, by directed research, the book keeps its quality of actuality.

"Girl and Woman," by Caroline Latimer (Appleton), is called "a book for mothers and daughters" and is in information and encouragement a joint account, "either or both to draw." Sound in its ideas, it is sensible in their presentation, understanding and unsentimental. It clears away not a few misapprehensions about mental and moral disturbances of the period, and has a sound basis in physiology, with excellent chapters on school life and the adjustments necessary after leaving school. "The Adolescent Girl," by Winifred Richmond (Macmillan), is another new book, dealing mainly with normal types but not excluding the abnormal. "For Girls and the Mothers of Girls," by M. S. Hood (Bobbs-Merrill), is concerned with physiology and hygiene, it is intended to be read as much by girls as by parents. If this inquiry came from a rural district I would add to these Martha Foote Crow's "The American Country Girl" (Stokes), made with the coöperation of many girls on the farm, and so far as I know the only book to give their problems special and thoughtful consideration.

The latest novel of adolescence is translated from the Italian, and the central figure is a boy, but I cannot come so near it and not speak of Luciano Zuccoli's "Things Greater Than He" (Holt), a study of the misunderstandings that may destroy even a well-intentioned family. We learned much about boyhood from another Italian schoolboy story, "Cuore," and this family is not too Latin to be recognizable.

A. L. M., Battle Creek, Mich., asks what five contemporary American poets a woman's club should study.

MARGUERITE WILKINSON'S "The Poetry of Our Own Times," one of the "Reading with a Purpose" pamphlets issued by the American Library Association, chooses twenty English, Irish, and American poets of today, tells something about the work of each, and names a few of his poems likely to appeal to one who has not a background of experience in poetry. These little books are on sale in most libraries or may be bought from the A. L. A., 86 East Randolph Street, Chicago.

THE POETS TOO

PADRAIC COLUM — HARRIET MONROE — A. E. HOUSMAN — HENRY BELLAMAN

HENRY BELLAMAN, himself a poet, reports a luncheon with Padraic Colum and Harriet Monroe, in The Columbia, S. C. Record:

"The talk fell naturally upon books and writers. But the two poets waxed most enthusiastic about — would you guess that it was about "GENTLEMEN PREFER BLONDES"? This spirited little book is so much better than it seems to be to the casual reader that its genuine literary merit is likely to be overlooked. 'Balzac himself,' exclaimed Padraic Colum, 'could not have done it better'."

And from England comes the news that A. E. Housman is delighted with it.

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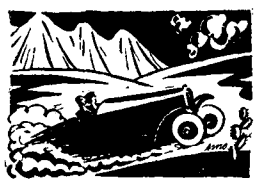

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Voltaire: "He burned the midnight oil—of others. He took to staying out late frolicking with the wits and roisterers of the town and experimenting with the Commandments." (*page* 223)

Kant: "Immanuel Kant thought out everything carefully before acting, and therefore remained a bachelor all his life." (*page* 288)

Schopenhauer: "He slept with loaded pistols at his bedside—presumably for the convenience of the burglar . . . He had no mother, no wife, no child, no family, no country . . . Schopenhauer was so sure of having solved the chief problems of philosophy that he thought of having his signet ring carved with an image of the Sphinx throwing herself down the abyss, as she had promised to do on having her riddles answered." (*pages* 330-331)

Santayana: "He loves Catholicism as one may still long for the woman who has deceived him." (*page* 540)

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The Phoenix Nest

ON a recent Sunday-night train up from the end of Long Island, one of the ladies in our car was reading "Show Boat," by *Edna Ferber*, another "Blue Blood," by *Owen Johnson*, and a man was making serious inroads upon "Tess of the D'Urbervilles." But the conversation of two other passengers interested us most. One was my-dearing about "*E. Barrington*: '—And you know, my dear, in The "*Ex*quisite Per*ditta*"—' "In what?" interrupted her companion. 'Why, in "The Ex*quizzit* Per*dit*ah—." . . . Then she gave it up. . .

We have committed a crime. We forgot the release date in mentioning *Joseph Warren Beach's* "The Outlook for American Prose," due to our interest in the book. The first date for comment was properly September 6th, last Monday, as the University of Chicago Press reminds us. . . .

Agnes Repplier has been named by *President Coolidge* among the Commissioners to the international exposition at Seville, Spain, next April, for American participation in which Congress has appropriated $200,000. . . .

A book for plutocrats only, to appear in October, is *J. George Frederick's* "Modern Industrial Consolidation," which will be published by Frank-Maurice and will sell at ten dollars a copy. . . .

The Viking Press have got out a volume of *Jane and Anne Taylor's* poetry (dear to our foremothers). It is called "Meddlesome Matty and Other Poems for Infant Minds." *Edith Sitwell* has written the introduction to it, and *Wyndham Payne* has supplied fifty color illustrations. . . .

The *Sitwell* brothers, by the way, *Osbert* and *Sacheverell*, have made their film debut in London in a series of screen dramas called "The Meaning of Dreams." The brothers sit on a divan with a foot-high statue of a forbidding Victorian dame between them. They describe their dreams which the film then fully illustrates. Osbert Sitwell is coming over here on the *Majestic* on the tenth of November. . . .

Anent the arrival of *Krishnamurti*, *Joseph Lewis French* has been puzzling over the pronunciation of the name of *Mrs. Annie Besant*. He came into the office the other day and left with us the following:

I sometimes think it rather pleasant
To read the works of Mrs. Besant.
I subscribe myself, quite without cant,
An admirer of Mrs. Besant.
Be a chap either sinner or saint
He can profit by Mrs. Besant.
Yes, I really believe that one ca(w)n't
Afford to slight Mrs. Besant.
Yet hold!—this might be deemed indecent,
As poking fun at Mrs. Besant.

Robert Nichols, the English poet, was also a visitor, *via* Hollywood, and on the point of sailing for England. In a "trice," while waiting for an editor, he produced the following Triolet for Faint-Heartedness:

Desponding soul, renew thy fire,
Joyfully to give for man thy all
Even as of old thou did'st desire.
Desponding soul renew thy fire—
There is no heaven but to aspire,
No hell save from that heaven to fall.
Desponding soul, renew thy fire,
Joyfully to give for man thy all!

Lately we witnessed a preliminary showing of the Russian film concerning the armored cruiser Potemkin, a film which we believe the Moscow Art Players and the Soviet group combined in making. This is one of the most powerful moving-pictures we have ever seen. It tells the whole story of the revolt aboard the Potemkin, under the Czarist régime, the rising of the people of Odessa to aid the sailors, their massacre by the Cossacks, the spread of the Revolution to the Admiral's fleet, and the finale of the Potemkin meeting the approaching fleet prepared to go down fighting, only to receive the hail of "Brothers!" from all the surrounding ships and to pass safely through to harbor without the firing of a gun. . . .

Seldom have we seen more beautiful photography on the screen than the twilit pictures of ships in Odessa harbor. The realistic detail was unsparingly but powerfully handled in the mob scenes. The flux of the crowds, with the mixture of long-shot and close-up was full of variety and stirring drama. The picture needed no captions. It was good enough, expressive enough to stand by itself. It is an impressive transcript from history. . . .

The John Day Company have brought out *James Branch Cabell's* "The Music from Behind the Moon," with eight full-page illustrations from wood-engravings by *Leon Underwood*. This is a beautifully-made book in a limited edition of three thousand copies only. It will not be reprinted. The Garamond type has been handset by *William Edwin Rudge*. The book was published on Friday and is a first publication of this new company. . . .

The Woodstock annual, *The Hue and Cry*, confines itself to the work of those actually connected with the colony at Woodstock, New York. There are reproductions of painting and sculpture, there are stories, poems and articles. Here one may find a presentment of a portrait by *Eugene Speicher*, of sculpture by *Alfeo Faggi*, or *Archipenko*, and the written word as handled by *Mary Aldis*, *Edwin Davies Schoonmaker*, *Grace Fallow Norton*, *Hervey White*, ***Ridgely Torrence***, and so on. It is a most attractive publication. . . .

One *Emile Voute*, with whom we once worked on the old *Evening Post*, has finished a new novel. His earlier one, "The Passport," published in 1915, made quite a stir at that time. We have always been grateful to Emile Voute for having introduced us to a kind of shaving cream that needed no water to make a good lather. . . .

That was in the days when Emile was running a Ship News bureau down at the Barge office. He had to get up early and shave quickly to catch the tugboat. "First I shave and then I go aboard the cutter," Emile used to say. . . .

R. R. Bowker & Co., send us a list of best-sellers during July. *Anita Loos* is first, *Susan Ertz* second, *Galsworthy* third, *Donn Byrne* fourth, and then come *John Erskine*, *Sinclair Lewis*, *Sylvia Thompson*, *Margaret Pedler*, *H. C. Bailey*, *Warwick Deeping*, *E. Barrington*, *Curwood*, and *Cabell*—a strange mélange! . . .

This is the fiction as shown by special reports from 106 booksellers in 92 cities, Eastern, Middle-Western, Southern and Western. . . .

In non-fiction, *Bruce Barton* leads the pack, followed by *Dorsey* with "Why we behave like Human Beings," *Barton* again, *Frank Sullivan*, *Work* on "Auction Bridge," *Peters* on "Diet and Health" and *Tom Beer* with "The Mauve Decade". . . .

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The World of Rare Books

By FREDERICK M. HOPKINS

AMERICANA AT HEARTMAN'S

ANOTHER summer sale of Americana, consisting of books, pamphlets, broadsides, and autograph letters and documents was held by Charles F. Heartman, at Metuchen, N. J., on August 25. Notwithstanding the fact that the rare book business is at a standstill in midsummer, Mr. Heartman's sales are never neglected.

A few of the more important items and the prices realized were the following:

American Revolution. "The History of the Origin, Rise, and Progress of the War in America between Great Britain and Her Colonies," 3 vols., complete, morocco, London, printed, reprinted in Boston, 1780. Extremely rare Boston edition of the scarcest of all Revolutionary War histories. $200.

American Revolution. Pay roll of the regiment of Colonel Crane, raised for the defense of Boston, 4 pp., folio, 1780. Colonel Crane was one of the Boston Tea Party. $52.50.

Bunn (Matthew). "A Short Narrative of the Life and Sufferings of Matthew Bunn," etc., 12mo., old wrappers, Providence, 1797. The only copy ever offered at public sale. $975.

Canfield (T. H.). Secret Report of Exploration and Observations in Montana and Washington Territories for the Northern Pacific Railroad, with map, N. P., 1870. $105.

Eaton (William). "Searsburgh Poetry," 8vo., stitched, in case, Williamstown, 1827. Early volume of Vermont poetry. $60.

Franklin (John). A. D., December 15, 1787, certifying to a deposition. $51.

Smith (William). "A Brief State of the Province of Pennsylvania," 8vo, wrappers, in case, London, 1755. Important pamphlet relating to the French and Indian War. $37.50.

Indian Captivity. Bartlett (Joseph). "A Narrative of Captivity Among the French and Indians, 12mo, original wrappers, N. P., 1807. $117.

Monroe (James). A. L. S., 5 pp., Highland, January 5, 1826, relating to affairs when president of the United States. $36.

Mormans. Caswell (Henry). "Mormanism and Its Author," 12mo, half leather, London, 1851. Very rare tract. $40.

New England Primer, an easy and pleasant guide to the art of reading, 24mo, paper covered wooden boards, leather back, Boston, 1780. Only copy that has ever appeared at auction. $121.

Revolutionary War. Payroll of Officers and Men in Col. Paul Revere's Corps of Artillery, folio, 3pp., n. d. Mainly in Col. Revere's handwriting. $105.

Taylor (Zachary). L. S., 1 p., 4to, Batton Rouge, La., in case. $32.50.

Whitefield (George). "A Funeral Elegy," etc., 1 p. folio, Boston, 1770. Only perfect copy that has ever appeared at auction. $116.

IMPORTANT REFERENCE WORK

THE Harvard University Press will shortly publish "A Bibliography of Writings on the English Language from the Beginning of Printing to the End of 1922," by Arthur G. Kennedy of Stanford University. By the chronological arrangement of titles and the inclusion of important reviews and notices of books, the author has provided the student of the history of English philology with a detailed index to investigation in the language as a whole or in any part of the field. He has given much attention to the various editions and reprints of books, especially those of an earlier period. He has included all phases of the study of the English language, with chapters not only on Anglo Saxon, Middle English, and Modern English, but also on the relations of English with other tongues, English paleography, recent tendencies, the history of the study of English, and the theory and method of the study and teaching of the language. Extensive bibliographies will be found on phonetics, runic writing, placenames, slang, dialects, American English, and the like. The book has been planned not only for those who are seeking the latest and best works on any special topics of English, but for those who are attempting to build up working collections of English linguistic studies, both the earlier and the later publications. Surely this is a reference work that many students and collectors will want to add to their working library.

NOTE AND COMMENT

ENGLISH dealers report that forgers of autograph letters and documents of famous authors are getting busy in England after a long vacation.

The first edition of Fitzgerald's "Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam" still continues to advance in price in the auction rooms. A copy said to be "not a mint copy," brought £430 at Sotheby's in London in July.

The Oxford University Press announces "The Minor Poems of Dante," translated into English verse by Lorna de'Lucchi. The volume includes every poem attributed with certainty by present-day scholarship to Dante, except the "Divina Commedia."

Sir George Warner's critical edition of "The Libelle of Englyshe Polycye," the fifteenth century anonymous poems written to show the political and commercial advantages to be gained from securing the command of the seas, will be published by the Oxford University Press this month.

Catalogue Number 82, "Special Plum Pudding of Americana," being a most unusual list of out-of-the-way books, pamphlets and maps, relating to a large number of pioneer events, conditions and subjects; to all sections of the country and to all periods of its history, just issued by the Hudson Book Company of this city, has a great deal of interesting material.

One of the most important private collections of incunabula in Europe is to be dispersed October 5 and 6, by Joseph Baer & Co., in Frankfurt, Germany. The collection is the property of Kurt Wolff, of Munich, and consists of 830 volumes, many of them in magnificent specimens of monastic bindings. The sales catalogue has already been issued.

Vol. VIII., IX., and X. of the new limited edition of the Julian Shelley will soon have appeared. This will complete the letters. The verse and prose will follow, until the whole edition of ten volumes is completed, the interval between each volume being about six weeks. Sir Edmund Gosse, in a review in the London *Times*, says that the edition is "a monument which will do equal credit to the care of the editors and the taste of the publishers . . . and that when we examine the text, there is further field for the congratulation."

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